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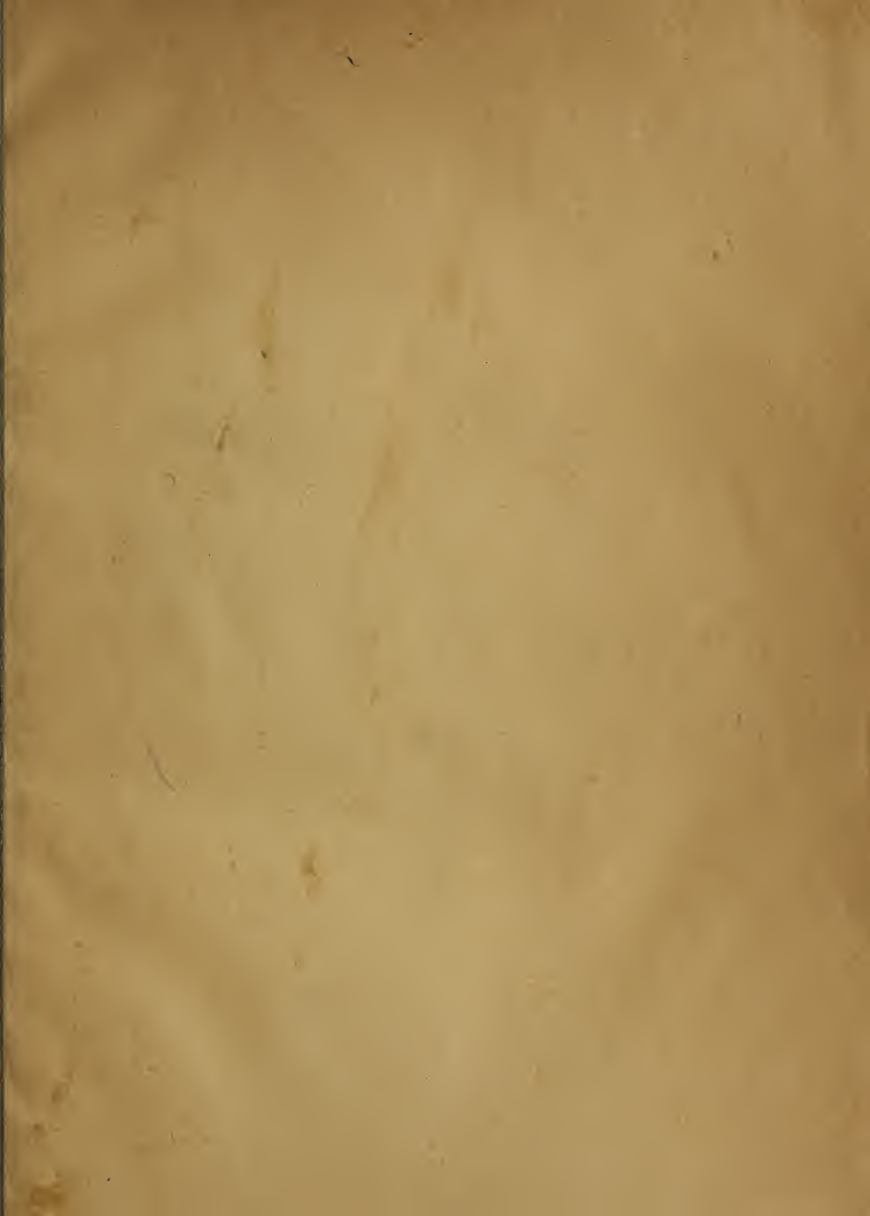


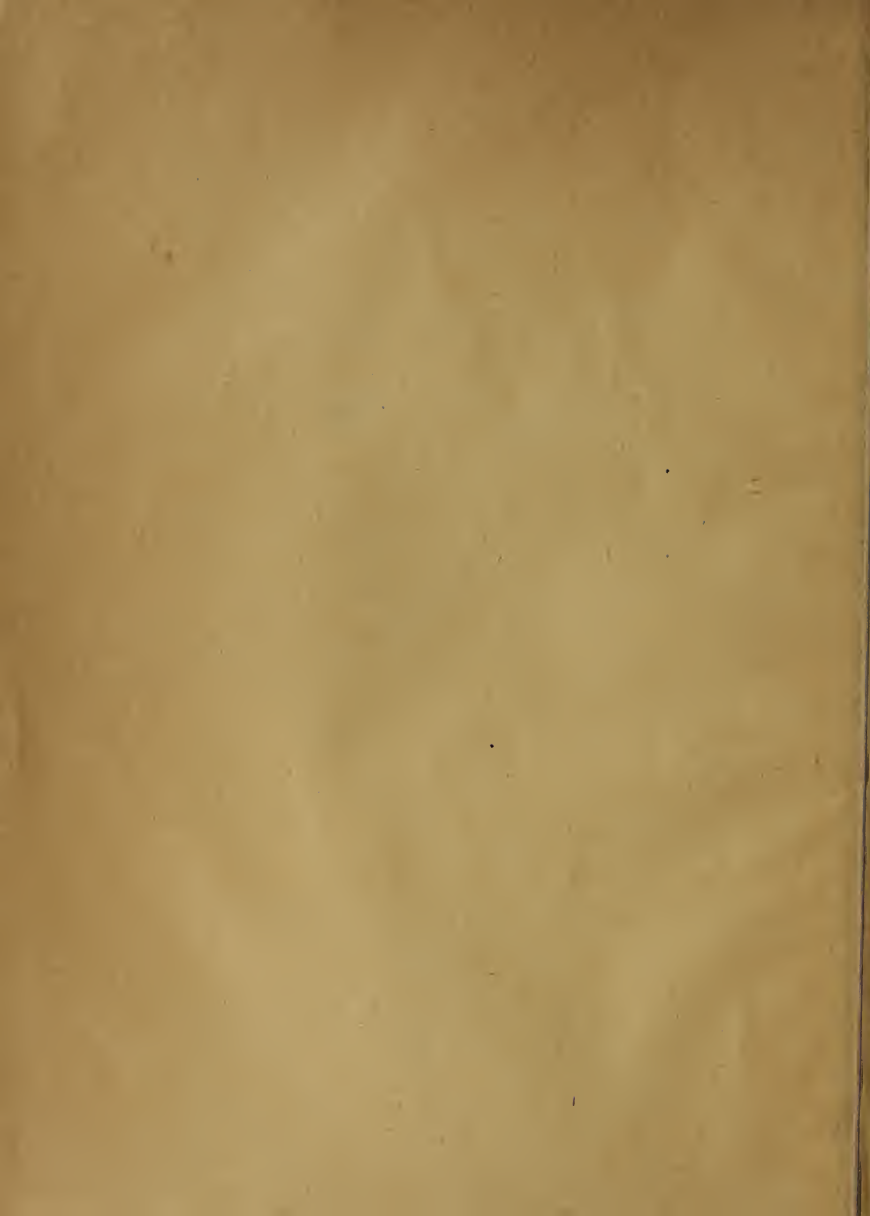
*Thomas Pennant Barton.*

**Boston Public Library.**

*Received, May, 1873.*

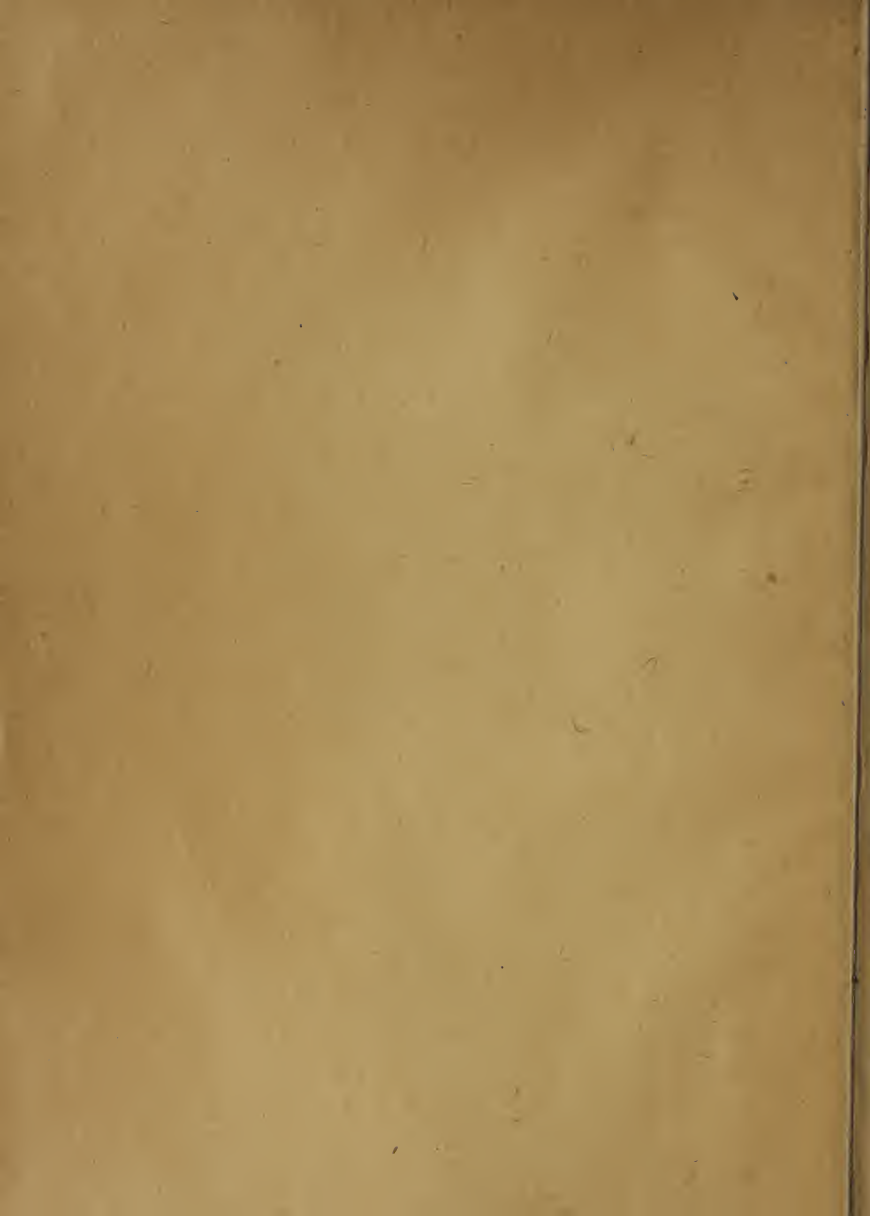
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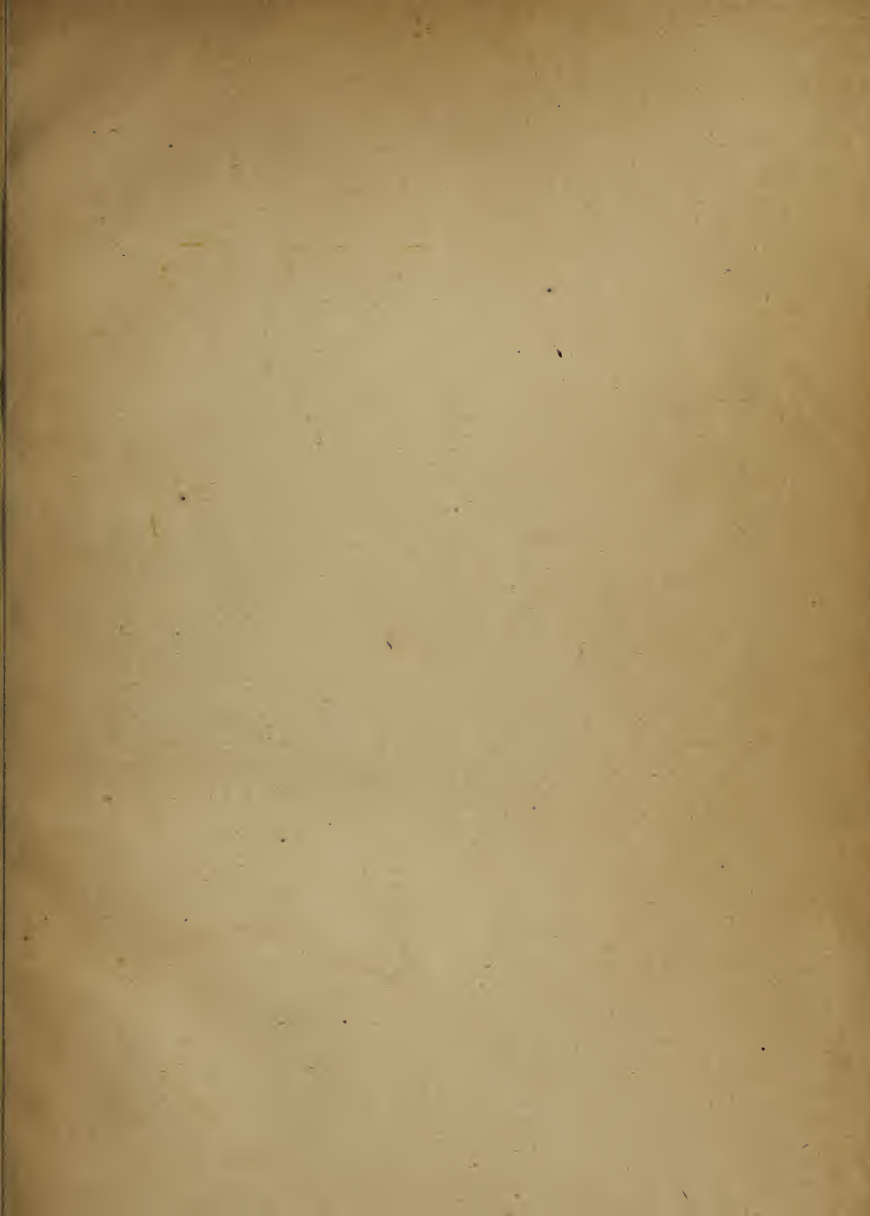


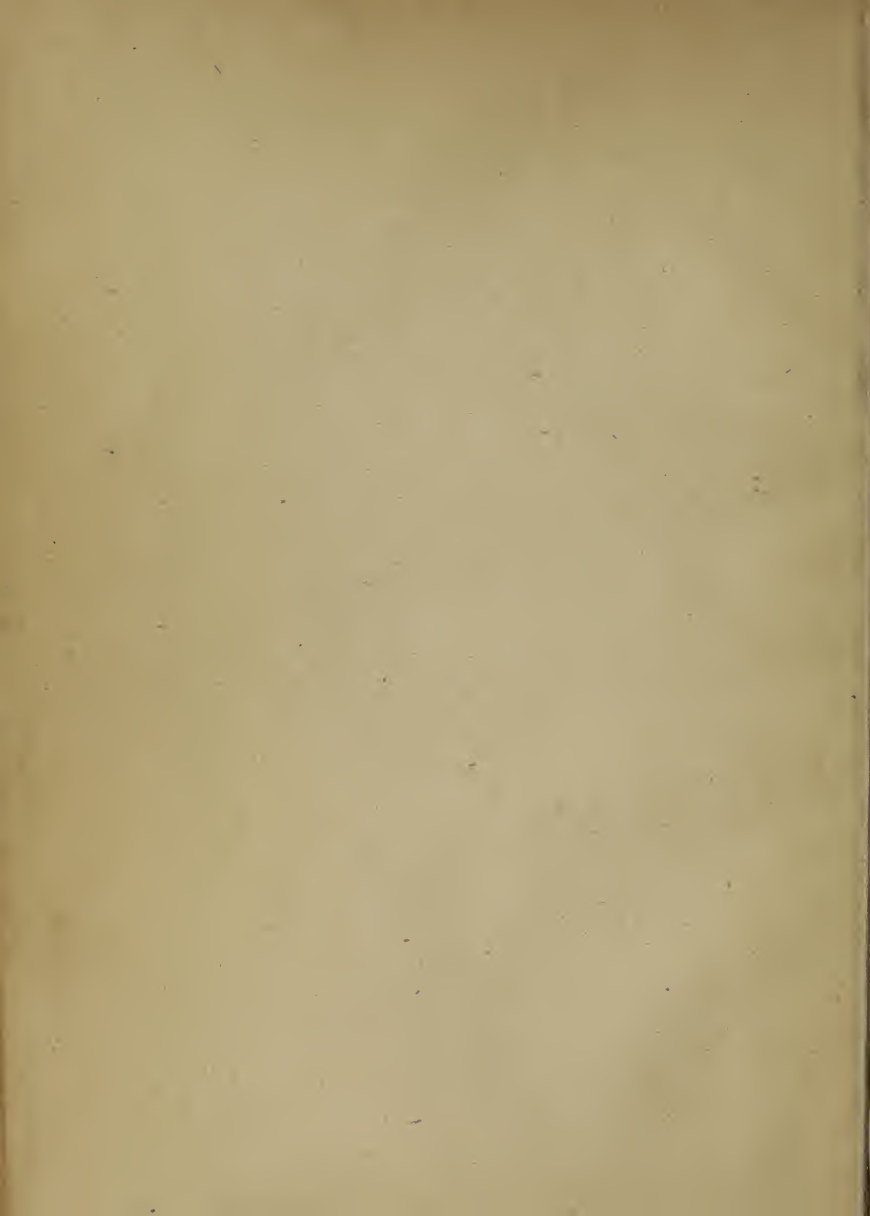






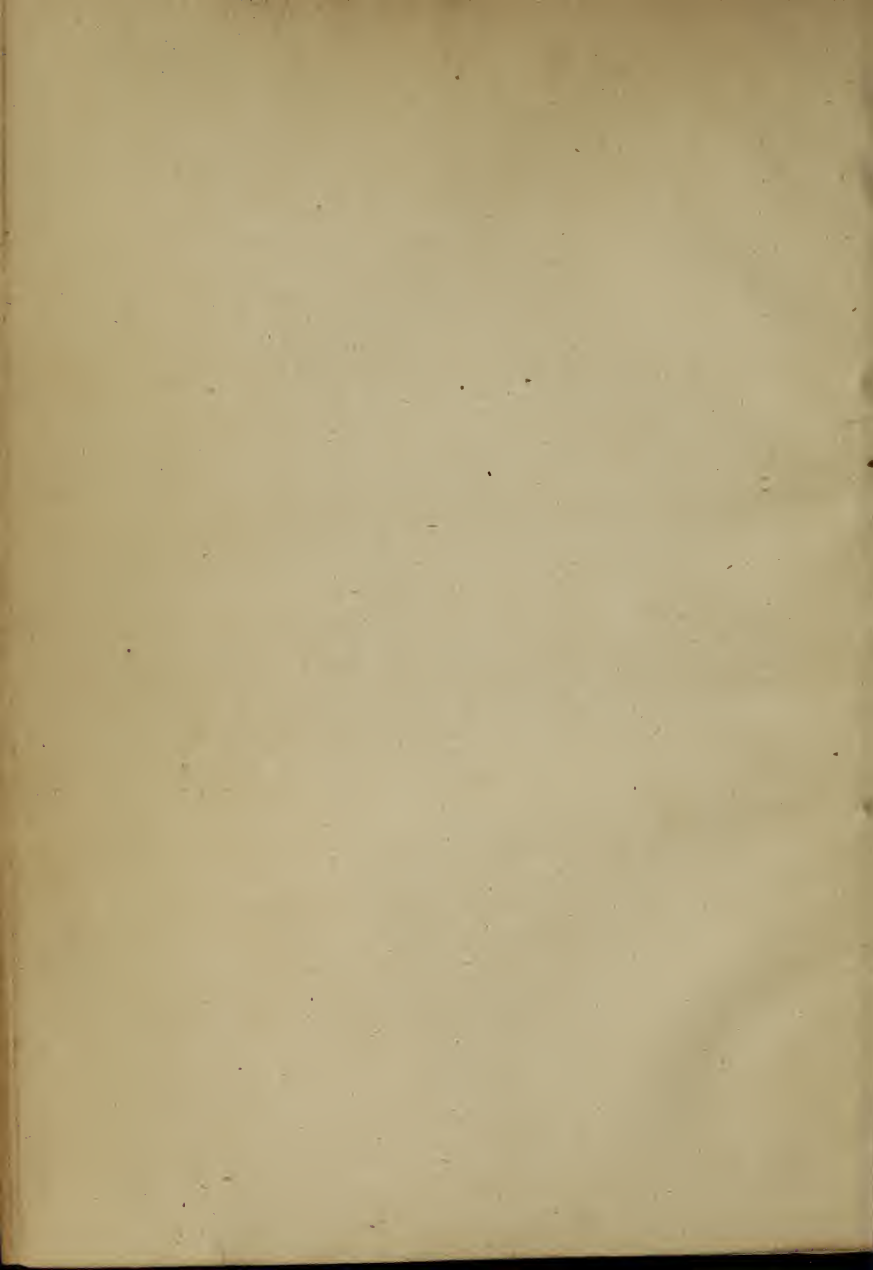












THE  
GRATEFVLL  
SERVANT.

*A Comedie.*

As it was lately presented with good  
applause at the priuate House in  
*Drury-Lane,*

*By her Majesties Servants.*

*\* 29-6-52*  
Written by IAMES SHIRLEY Gent.

— — — *Usque ego postera  
Crescam laude recens.*



*5039*

LONDON.

Printed by B. A. and T. F. for John Groue, and are to be sold at  
his shop at Furnivals-Inne gate, 1630.

15-1,561

May 1873

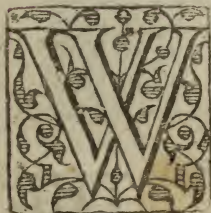
Barton





TO  
THE RIGHT  
HONOURABLE,  
FRANCIS  
Earle of RUTLAND,  
&c.

My most Honour'd LORD:



When the Age declineth from her primitive vertue, and the Silken witts of the Time, (that I may borrow from our acknowledged Master, learned IONSON) disgracing Nature, & harmonious Poësie, are transported with many illiterate and prodigious births, it is not safe to appeare without Protection. Among all the names of Honour, this Comedie oweth most gratitude to your Lordship, whose cleere testimony was to mee about a Theater, and I applaud the dexterity of my fate, that hath so well prepared a Dedication, whither my onely ambition would direct it. I am not pale, to thinke it is now expos'd to your more deliberate censure; For 'tis my security, that I haue studied your Lordships  
A 2 Candor,

*Candor, and know you imitate the Divine nature which  
is mercifull above offence. Goe on great Lord and bee the  
volume of our English Honour, in whom while others, in-  
vited by their birth and quickned with ambitious emula-  
tion reade and study their principles, let mee be made  
happie enough to admire, and devote  
my selfe,*

Your Lordships,  
most humble creature:

**JAMES SKIRLEY.**

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**THE**



# THE GRATEFVLL SERVANT.

ACTVS, I. SCÆNA, I.


*Enter Seranzo, Giotto.*

*Giotto.*

Ho Duke is mou'd.

*Sor.* The newes displeas'd him much.

*Giot.* And yet I see no reason, why he  
should

 Engage so great affection to th' Daughter  
Of *Milan*, he nere saw her.

*Sor.* Fame doth paint  
Great beauties, and her picture (by which Princes  
Court one another) may beget a flame  
In him to raise this passion.

*Giot.* Trust a pencill,  
I like not that State-woing, see his Brother *Enter*  
Has left him, pray my Lord how is it with *Lodwiske*  
His Highnesse?

*Lodw.* Somewhat calmer, Lone I thinke  
Will kill neither of vs, although I bee  
No Stoicke, yet I thanke my Harres I haue

A power o're my affection, if hee'll not  
 Tame his, let it melt him into Sonnets  
 Hee will proue the more louing Prince to you,  
 Get in againe; and make wise speeches to him,  
 There is *Aristotles* Ghost still with him,  
 My Phylosophicall Gouverneur that was,  
 He wants but you two, and a paire of Spectacles,  
 To see what folly 'tis, to loue a woman  
 With that wicked resolution to marry her,  
 Though he be my elder Brother, and a Duke,  
 I ha more wit, when there's a dearth of women  
 I may turne foole, and place one of their Sexe  
 Neerer my heart, farewell, commend me to  
 My Brother, and the Councell-Table. *Exit.*

*Sor.* Still the same wild Prince, there needs no character  
 Where he is, to expresse him.

*Giot.* Hee said truth,  
 I doubt there is no roome for one, whom hee  
 Should place in's heart, and honour.

*Sor.* His owne Lady  
 All pittie her misfortune, both were too  
 Vnripe for *Hymen*, 'twas the old Dukes act,  
 And in such marriages, hearts seldome meet  
 When they grow older.

*Giot.* Wherefore would the Duke  
 Marry his young Sonne first?

*Sor.* The walke of Princes,  
 To make prouision betimes for them:  
 They can bequeath small legacie, knowing th' theyre  
 Carries both state and fortune for himsele,  
 His fates before him, here comes *Grimundo*!

*Enter Grimundo.*

*Grim.* The Duke is recollected, where's the Prince?

*Sor.* Gone.

I would he were return'd once to himsele.

*Giot.* He has to soone forgot your precepts,

*Sor.*



*Sor.* Your example might still be a Lecture,

*Grim.* I did not deceiue the old Dukes trust  
While I had power to manage him,  
Hee's now past my tuition, but to th'Duke——  
Is it not strange my Lord, that the Young Lady  
Of *Milman*, should be forc'd to marry now, with  
Her Vncle?

*Giot.* They're vnequall,

*Sor.* 'Tis vnlawfull.

*Grim.* 'Tis a trifle, reasons of State they vrge  
Against vs, least their Dukesdome by this match,  
Be subiect vnto *Sanoy*, for the scruple  
Of Religion, they are in hope, that  
A Dispensation may bee procur'd  
To quit exceptions, and by this meanes,  
They shall preserue their Principality,  
I'th name and blood, so reports *Fabrichio*  
Whom the Duke imployed for Treaty, how now?

*Enter Gentleman.*

*Gent.* The Duke calls for you my Lords.

*Giot.* We attend,  
Ha? he is coming forth.

*Enter Duke, and Fabrichio.*

*Sor.* His looks are cheerefull.

*Duke.* *Fabrichio*?

*Fabr.* My Lord,

*Duke.* Wee will to Tennis.

*Fabr.* What your Grace please.

*Duke.* *Grimundo*?

Because you take no pleasure in such pastimes,  
Your contemplation may busie it selfe, with that booke.

*Grim.* Booke my Lord, it is——

*Duke.* *Leonora's* picture a faire Table booke,  
You may without offence to your young Wife,  
Looke on a Picture.

I ha perused it, let me see't no more,

*Milan* and we are parted, our breast weares  
 Against his naturall Temper, allow me pray  
 The excuse of common frailty, to be moued  
 At strangeness of this newes.

*Gios.* Your Highnesse said,  
 You would to Tennis.

*Duke.* And 'tis time enough,  
 Wee haue the day before vs : some Prince *Grimando*  
 In such a cause as this would haue beene angry,  
 Angrie indeed, throw'ne of cold language, and  
 Call'd it a high, and loud affront, whose stirring  
 Imagination would haue wakened Death,  
 And by a miserable warre, haue taught  
 Repentance, to a paire of flourishing States.  
 Such things: there haue beene ?

*Ser.* But your Grace is wise—

*Duke.* Nay doe not flatter now, I doe not Court  
 Your praise so much, I speake but what our stories  
 Mention, if they abuse not soft posteritie :  
 I was not come to tell you, what my thoughts,  
 With a strong murmur prompt me too.

*Grim.* We hope—

*Duke.* Ye feare, and do not know me yet, my actions  
 Shall cleare your jealousy, I'me reconcil'd  
 At home, and while I cherish a peace here,  
 Abroad I must continue it, there are  
 More Ladies i' the world ?

*Fabr.* Most true my Lord.

*Duke.* And as attractive, great, and glorious women  
 Are there not, ha ?

*Ser.* Plenty my Lord i' the world.

*Duke.* I the world, within the confines of our Duke-  
 In *Sauoy*, are there not ? (dome

*Grim.* In *Sauoy* too.

Many choice beauties, but your birth my Lord -

*Duke.* Was but an honour purchas'd by another,

It might haue beene thy chance.

*Grim*: My Father was  
No Duke.

*Duke*, 'Twas not thy fault, nor ist my vertue,  
That I was borne when the fresh Sunne was rising,  
So came with greater shadow into life,  
Then thou, or hee.

*Grim*: But royall Sir be pleas'd—

*Duke*, No more, wee are not ignorant, you may  
Take away this distinction, and alledge  
In your graue wisdomes, specious arguments,  
For our alliance with some forraigne Prince,  
But we haue weighed their promising circumstance,  
And find it onely a deuice, that may  
Serue time, and some darke ends, a mere state-tricke,  
To disguise hatred, and is emptie of  
Those benefits, it seemes to bring along:  
Giue me a Ladie borne in my obedience,  
Whose disposition, will not engage  
A search into the nature of her Climate,  
Or make a scrutinie into the Starres:  
Whose language is mine owne, and will not need  
A smooth Interpreter, whose vertue is  
Abooue all titles, though her birth or fortune,  
Be a Degree beneath vs, such a Wife  
Were worth a thousand farre fetch'd Brides, that haue  
More state, and lesse Deuotion.

*Fabr*. If your Highnesse—

*Duke*, Come you shall know our purpose, in the last:  
We obey'd your directions, not without  
Our free and firme allowance of the Ladie  
Whom wee'l forget, it will become your duties,  
Follow vs now, wee haue not beene vnthrifty  
In our affections, and that *Milan* may  
Know *Sauoy* can neglect a *Millanoise*,  
And that we need not borrow a delight,



Heere we are fixt to marry.

*Grim.* We are Subiects,  
And shall sollicite Heauen, you may find one  
Worthy your great acceptance.

*Duke:* Wee are confident,  
And to put off the cloud wee walke in, know  
Wee are resolu'd to place all Love and Honour  
Vpon *Cleona*

Nor ist a new affection, wee but cherish  
Some seedes, which heretofore, her vertue had  
Scattered vpon our heart.

*Grim.* We cannot be  
Ambitious of a Lady, in your owne  
Dominion, to whom we shall more willingly  
Prostrate our duties.

*Soren.* She's a Lady of  
A flowing sweetnesse, and the liuing vertue  
Of many noble Ancestors.

*Giot.* In whom  
Their fortunes meet, as their Prophetick Soules  
Had taught them thrifty providence, for this  
Great honour, you intend her.

*Duke,* Wee are pleas'd,  
And thanke your generall vote,  
You then shall straight prepare our visit, beare our  
Princely respects, and say wee shall take pleasure  
To bee her Guest to day, nay lose no time,  
Wee shall the sooner quit the memorie  
Of *Leonoraes* Image.

*Enter Lodwicke.*

*Soren:* The Prince your Brother Sir?

*Duke:* Withdraw, but be not at too much distance,  
*Lodwicke* Y're welcome.

*Lodw.* I shall know that by my successe, I want  
A thousand Crownes, a thousand Crownes.

*Duke.* For what vse?

*Lodw.*



*Lodw.* Why will these foolish questions ne're be left,  
Is't not sufficient I would borrow em,  
But you must still capitulate with me?  
I would put 'em to that vse they were ordain'd for,  
You might as well haue ask'd me, when I meant  
To pay you againe.

*Duke.* That to some other men,  
Might ha beens necessarie.

*Lodw.* And you wo' not  
Doe that, I haue another easie Suite to you.

*Duke.* What is't?

*Lodw.* A thing of nothing, I wo'd entreat you  
To part with this same transitorie honour,  
This trifle call'd a Dukedome, and retire,  
Like a good Christian Brother, into some  
Religious house, it would be a great ease to you,  
And comfort to your friends, especially  
To mee, that would not trouble you, with the noyse  
Of money thus, and I could helpe it.

*Du.* Tis a kind, and honest motion, out of Charity,  
Meere Charity, so I must needs accept it—  
Ile onely marry, and get a Boy, or two,  
To gouerne this poore trifle for I'me bound  
In duty, to prouide for my Succession.

*Lodw.* What doe you make of me, cannot I serue?

*Duke.* You, that propound a benefit for my Soule,  
Wo not neglect your owne I know, wee'le both  
Turne Fryers together?

*Lodw.* And bee low sic?

*Duke.* Any thing.

*Lodw.* I shall not haue a thousand Crownes?

*Duke.* Thou shalt.

*Lodw.* Then be a Duke still, come lets loue, and bee  
Fine Princes, and thou hadst but two or three  
Of my conditions, by this hand I wod not  
Care and thou wert immortall, so I might

Lie with thee, and enjoy this worlds felicity.

*Duke.* Thast put me in tune, how shall's bee very  
Now in the instant? (merry

*Lodw.* Merry?

*Duke.* Yes.

*Lodw.* Merry indeed?

*Duke.* Yes.

*Lodw.* Follow me,

Ile bring you to a Lady?

*Duke.* To a Whore?

*Lodw.* That is a little the courser name.

*Duke.* And can you play the Pander for me?

*Lodw.* A toy, a toy.

What can a man doe lesse for any Brother,  
Th'ordinary complement now a dayes, with great ones,  
Wee prostitute our Sisters with lesse scruple  
Then eating flesh on vigils, 'tis out of fashion  
To trust a Seruant with our priuate sinnes,  
The greater tye of blood, the greater faith,  
And therefore Parents haue beene held of late,  
The safest wheelles, on which the childrens lust,  
Hath hurried into act, with supple greatnesse,  
Nature doth weare a vertuous charme, and will  
Doe more in soft compassion to the sinne,  
Then gold or swelling promises.

*Duke.* O Lodwicke!

These things doe carry Horror, he is lost  
I feare, no I ha thought a something else,  
You shall with me to a Lady?

*Lodw.* With all my heart.

*Duke.* Vnto my Mistresse.

*Lodw.* Your Mistresse, who's that?

*Duke.* The faire Cleona.

*Lodw.* She is honest.

(visit,

*Du.* Yes, were she otherwise, she were not worth my  
Not so loose circumstance I loue her.

*Lodw.*

*Lodw.* How?

*Duke,* Honestly.

*Lodw.* You doe not meane to marry her?

*Duke,* It sha'not be my fault if she refuse,  
To bee a Dutcheffe.

*Lodw.* A'my Conscience,  
You are in earnest.

*Duke,* As I hope to thrine in my desires, come  
You shall beare me company, and witnesse  
How I wooe her.

*Lodw.* I commend  
Your nimble resolution, then a Wife  
Must bee had somewhere, wo'd y'ad mine, to coole  
Your appetite, take your owne course, I can  
But pray for you; the thousand Crownes—

*Duke.* Vpon Condition, you'l not refuse, to  
Accompany.

*Lodw.* Your Caroach quickly—stay—  
Now I thinke better on't, my Wife liues with her,  
They are Companions, I had forgot that?

*Duke,* Shee'l take it kindly.

*Lodw.* It were enough to put her  
Into conceipt, I come in loue to her,  
My Constitution will not beare it,

*Duke,* What?  
Not see her?

*Lodw.* Yet a thousand Crownes—God buy  
Condemne me to my wife.

*Exit.*

*Duke,* Yee heare Gentlemen?

*(Suffrance.*

*Grim:* With grieve my Lord, and wonder at your

*Duke,* He is our Brother, we are confident  
Though he be wild he loues vs, twill become  
Vs t'pray and leaue him to a myracle  
But to our owne affaire.

Loue and thy golden arrow, we shall try,  
How youle decide our second Destiny.

*Exeunt.*

*Ente*



*Enter Foscarey with a Letter.*

*Fosc:* A kisse, and then tis sealed, this she should know.  
 Better then the impression, which I made,  
 With the rude signet, tis the same she left  
 Vpon my lip, when I departed from her,  
 And I haue kept it warme still, with my breath,  
 That in my prayers hath mentioned her.

*Enter Dulcino.**Dulc.* My Lord?

*Fosc:* *Dulcino* welcome, thou art soone return'd,  
 How dost thou like the Citie?

*Dulc:* Tis a heape of handsome building.*Fosc:* And how the people?

*Dulc:* My connerlation hath not age enough  
 To speake of them, more then they promise well,  
 In their aspect, but I haue argument  
 Enough in you my Lord, to fortifie  
 Opinion, they are kind, and hospitable  
 To strangers.

*Fosc:* Thy indulgence to my wound,  
 Which owes a cure vnto thy pretty Surgery,  
 Hath made thee, too much Prisoner to my Chamber,  
 But wee shall walke abroad.

*Dulc:* It was my duty?  
 Since you recei'd it in my cause, and could  
 My blood haue wrought it sooner, it had becne  
 Your balmy Fountaine.

*Fosc:* Noble youth, I thanke thee. *Enter Seruant.*  
 How now, didst speake with him? *uent.*

*Ser.* I had the happinesse my Lord to meete him  
 V Vaiting vpon the Duke abroad, hee bad mee,  
 Make hast with the remembrance of his Seruice,  
 Heele bring his owne ioyes with him, instantly,  
 To welcome your returne.

*Fosc.* Didst thou request

His

His secreſie ?

*Ser :* I did, he promiſ'd ſilence.

*Foſc.* So, Ile expect him, thou art ſad *Dalcino*,  
I prophesie thou ſhalt haue cauſe, to bleſſe  
The minute, that firſt brought vs to acquaintance.

*Dalc.* Doe not ſuſpect my Lord, I am ſo wicked,  
Not to doe that already, you haue ſaued  
My life, and therefore haue deſeru'd that duty.

*Foſc :* Name it no more, I meane another way.

*Dalc.* It is not in your power, to make me richer,  
With any benefit, ſhall ſucceed it, though  
I ſhould liue euer with you.

*Foſc :* I require,  
Not ſo much gratitude.

*Dalc.* There is no way  
Left for my hope, to doe you any ſeruiſe,  
Neere my preſeruing, but by adding one  
New fauour, to a ſuit, which I would name,

*Foſc.* To me, I prethee ſpeake, It muſt be ſomething  
I can deny thee.

*Dalc.* Tis an humble ſuite,  
You licenſe my departure.

*Foſc.* Whither ?

*Dalc.* Any whether.

*Foſc.* Doe you call this a way to doe me ſeruiſe ?

*Dalc.* It is the readieſt I can ſtudy Sir.  
Totarry were but to increaſe my debt,  
And waſt your fauours, in my abſence, I  
May publiſh, how much vertue, I haue found  
In *Saucy*, and make good vnto your fame,  
What I doe owe you here, this ſhall ſeruine you,  
For I will ſpeake the ſtory with that truth,  
And ſtrength of paſſion, it ſhall doe you honour,  
And dwell vpon your name ſweeter then myrths,  
When wee are both dead ?

*Foſc.* Thou haſt art, to moue

In all things, but in this, change thy desire,  
 And Ile deny thee nothing, doe not vrge  
 Thy vnkind departure, thou hast met perhaps,  
 With some that haue deceiu'd thee with a promise,  
 Wonne with thy pretty lookes and presence, but  
 Trust not a great man, most of them dissemble,  
 Pride, and Court cunning hath betrayed their faith,  
 To a secure Idolatry, their soule,  
 Is lighter then a complement, take heede,  
 They'l flatter thy to young ambition,  
 Feed thee with names, and then like subtile Chimists  
 Hauing extracted, drawne thy Spirit vp,  
 Laugh, they haue made thee miserable.

*Dule:* Let

No ieaousie my Lord, render me so  
 Vnhappy, that preferment, or the flatteries  
 Of any great man, hath seduc'd my will  
 To leaue you, by my life, and your owne honour,  
 No man hath tempted me, nor haue I chang'd  
 A syllable with any.

*Fosse:* Any man?

Still I suspect thy safetie?

And thou mayst thus deceiue me, it may be,  
 Some wanton Lady hath beheld thy face,  
 And from her eyes, shot *Cupids* into thine,  
 To abuse that sight, or wrought vpon thy frailty,  
 With their smooth language to vndoe thy selfe,  
 Trust not the innocence of thy Soule too farre,  
 For though their bosomes carry whitenesse, thinke.  
 It is not snow, they dwell in a hot Clymate,  
 The Court, where men are but deceitfull shadowes.  
 The women, walking flames; what if this Lady  
 Bestow a wealthy Carkanet vpon thee,  
 Another giue thee Wardrobes, a third promise  
 A chaine of Diamonds, to decke thy youth,  
 'Tis but to buy thy vertue from thee, and when

Thy



Thy outside thrives, vpon their treacherous bountie  
Th'out starue at heart, and lust will leane thy body,  
Many vn pittied ruines, th ouart young —

*Dulc.* There is no feare my Lord, that I shall take  
Such wicked courtes, and I hope you see not,  
Any propension in my youth, to sinne  
For Pride, or wantonneffe.

*Fosc.* Indeed, I doe not,  
But being my boy so young, and beautifull,  
Thou art apt to bee seduc'd.

*Dulc.* Beleeue me Sir,  
I will not serue the greatest Prince on earth,  
When I leaue you.

*Fosc.* Thou shalt not serue mee, I  
Will make thee my companion.

*Dulc.* No reward,  
Though iust, should buy the freedome I was borne with  
Much lesse base ends, if I but meet agen  
That good man, who in reuerence to his habit,  
The theeues let go before your happy valour  
Came to my rescue.

*Fosc.* Hee that was your Conduct ?  
From *Milan*, for so — if I remember  
You named a Father, what could he aduantage ?  
Your fortune, were he present, more, then with  
Religious Councell ?

*Dulc.* I did trust him Sir,  
As being the safest treasurer, with that,  
Would make mee welcome in *Sanoy*, and  
I know he will be faithfull, when we meete,  
For his sake, let me beg you would discharge,  
A worthlesse Seruant, that inquest of him —

*Fosc.* No more to cut of all vnwelcome motines,  
I charge thee by thy Loue, thy Gratitude,  
Thy life preferu'd, which but to stay thee heere,  
I would not name agen, vrge no consent

From me, to thy departure, I haue now  
 Vic of thy faith, thou wo't not runne away  
 I haue employment for thee, such a one  
 As shall not onely pay my seruices,  
 But leaue me in arrerage to thy loue,  
 Receiue this letter. *Enter Grimundo.*

Let me embrace thee, with a spreading arme,  
*Grim*: I haue dispens'd with my attendance, on  
 The Duke, to bid you welcome Sir, from death,  
 Fame so, had couz'ned our beliefe, but thus,  
 She has made you the more precious.

*Fosc.* Then I prospered,  
 If I may call it so, for I procur'd  
 That rumour to be spread, excuse a minate,  
 He tell thee all my Counsels, I neede not,  
 Wait any instructions on thee, *Dulcino*,  
 For the conueyance of this Paper, let me  
 Commend it to thy care, tis to my Mistresse,  
 Conceale my lodgings, and doe this for him  
 Will studie noble recompence.

*Dulc.* You command me. *Exit.*

*Grim.* What pretty youth is that? sure I haue seene  
 That face before,

*Fosc.* Neuer, I brought him first  
 To Savoy, hauing brought him from the  
*Bandetti*, in my passage, ore the Confines,  
 Is't not a sweet fac'd thing? there are some Ladies,  
 Might change their beauties with him.

*Grim.* And gaine by it.

*Fosc.* Nay, to his shape he has as fine a Soule,  
 Which graceth that perfection.

*Grim*: You haue not  
 Beene long acquainted with him. *Fosc.* I haue skill  
 In Phisnomy: beleeue my Character,  
 He's full of excellent sweetness.

*Grim*: You expresse him

Passionate-

Passionately.

*Fosc.* His vertue will deserue  
More praise, he suffers Sir for loue, in that  
He is a Gentleman, for neuer could  
Narrow, and earthly mindes, be capable  
Of Loues impression, or the iniury—  
He willingly forsooke his friends, and Country,  
Because vnkindly for vnworthy ends,  
They would haue forc'd him marry against his heart.  
He told me so himselfe, and it were sinne,  
Not to belieue him, but omitting these,  
How fares the best of Ladies my *Cleona*?

*Grim.* Your *Cleona*?

*Fosc.* Mine, she is in affection,  
She is not married.

*Grim.* No?

*Fosc.* She is in health?

*Grim.* Yes.

*Fosc.* There is something in thy lookes, I cannot  
Reade by thy owne glosse, and make me know,  
That doubtfull text, to whom hath she giuen vp,  
The hope of my felicitie, her heart,  
Since my too farall absence?

*Grim.* Vnto none,  
Within the circle of my knowledge.

*Fosc.* Then

I am renew'd agen, may thy tongue neuer  
Know sorrowes accent.

*Grim.* Will you presently  
Visit her?

*Fosc.* I haue sent a letter, to  
Cerrisie, I am still her liuing Seruant.

*Grim.* No matter, wee be there, before the boy,  
There is necessity, if you knew all,  
Come lets away.

*Fosc.* Agen thou dost afflict  
My Soule with iealousie, if she haue still



The cleere possession of her heart——

*Grim*: But you are

Dead Sir, remember that.

*Fosc*: I shall be liuing,

And soone enough present my selfe her fresh,

And a true Lover.

*Grim*: If the Duke bee not

Before you.

*Fosc*: How?

*Grim*: The Duke, 'tis so resolu'd,

Your riuall, if you still affect *Cleona*,

Within this houre, he means his first solicite

And personall seige, loose not your selfe with wonder,

If you negle& this opportunity,

She hauing firme opinion of your death,

It will not be a myracle, if the Title

Of Dutchesse be a strong temptation,

To a weak woman.

*Fosc*: I must thanke your loue,

And Counsell, but for this time, disingage

Your further stay with me, the Duke may misse you,

Preserue his fauour, and forget me in

Your conference, I would be still conceal'd,

Let me consider on my fate, agen

I thanke you, and dismisse you,

*Grim*: Quiet thoughts,

Dwell in your breast, in all things I obey you,

You know you haue my heart.

*Fosc*: She's but a woman.

Yet how shall I be able to accuse her,

With any Iustice, when she thinks me dead,

The Duke, I must doe something, I am full

Of discord, and my thoughts are fighting in me,

From our owne armie must arise our feare,

When loue it selfe is turn'd a Mutineere.

*Exit.*

ACTVS, 2. SCÆNA, 1.

*Enter Iacomo the Steward, and  
Servants.*

*Iac.* So, so, yet more perfume, y'are sweet Serving-men, make euery corner of the house smoake, bestirre your selues, euery man know his Prouince, and bee officious to please my Lady, according to his Talent, haue you furnisht out the banquet?

*Serv.* Most Methodically?

*Iac.* Tis well here should haue beene a fresh suite of Arras, but no matter, these beare the age well, let'em hang.

*Serv.* And there were a Maske to entertaine his Highnesse?

*Iac.* Hang Maskes, let euery conceit shew his owne face, my Lady would not disguise her entertainment, and now I talke of disguising, wheres the Butler?

*Butl.* Here Sir.

*Iac.* Where Sir? tis my Ladies pleasure, that you be drunk to day, you will deale her wine abroad, the more liberally among the Dukes Seruants, you two are tall fellowes, make good the credit of the Buttery, and when you are drunke, I will send others to releue you, goe to your stations, if his Grace come hither a Sister to my Lady, as wee haue some cause to suspect, and after marry her, I may be a great man, and ride vpon a reuerend Moyle by Patent, there is no end of my preferment, I did once teach my Ladie to dance she must then helpe me to rise; for indeed, it is iust, that onely those, who get their liuing by their legs, should ride vpon a Foot-cloth.

*Serv.* Here's a young Gentleman: desires to speake  
D with

with my Lady.

*Jac.* More young Gentlemen ? tell him I am basic.

*Ser.* With my Ladie —

*Jac.* Basic with my Ladie Sir ?

*Serv.* Would speake with my Ladie Sir ?

*Jacom.* I ha not done with my Ladie my selfe yet, hee shall stay, tis for my Ladies state, no time to interrupt my Lady, but now, He know his businesse, and taste it for my Lady, if I like it, shee shall heare more, but bid him come to mee, mee thinkes I talke, like a peremptorie States-man already, I shall quickly learne to forget my selfe, when I am in great office, I will oppresse the Subiect, flatter the Prince, take bribes a both sides, doe right to neyther, serue Heaven as farre as my profit will giue mee leaue, and tremble, only at the Summons of a Parliament. *Enter Dulcino.*

Hum ? a Page, a very Page, one that would wriggle and preferre himselfe to be a Wag, tis so, haue you any Letter of commendations ?

*Dulc.* I haue a Letter Sir.

*Jacom.* Let me see the complexion of the face, has it a handsome Title Page, is it *Stilo Novo*.

*Dulc.* I haue command Sir, to deliuer it, To none, but to my Lady.

*Iacomo :* A forward youth, I like him, hee is not modest, I will assist his preferment, to engage him to my faction, a speciall Court policie, see my Lady.

*Enter Cleona, Astella, Belinda.*

*Cleon.* Yet stay *Belinda* —

*Bel.* I beseech you Madam  
Allow excuse to my abrupt departure,  
There is a businesse of much consequence,  
And which you will not mourne to see effected,  
Besides the duty that I owe my Lord,

*Com.*



*The Gratefull Servant.*

Compels me to it Madam.

*Cleona.* Well, but that

Wee are acquainted with your vertue, this  
Would moue suspition you were not in  
Charitie with the Duke.

*Belind:* You are pleasant Madam,

*Cleo.* You are seuer, to bind your selfe too stricktly.  
From Court and entertainements, sure your Lord  
Should chide you for it.

*Astel.* If it please you stay  
Your Ladiship and i'll conuerse together,  
My vnkind fate hath indisposed me,  
To these state ceremonies too.

*Bel.* You will oblige me by your pardon?

*Cle.* Use your pleasure.

*Ast.* Nay you shall giue me leaue a little further,  
Here I am vselesse. *Exeunt Astella, Belinda.*

*Iac.* May it please you Madam,  
This pretty Gentleman, has a suite to you,  
And in his behalfe, he will be seruiceable,  
And actiue in his place, a friend of mine.

*Dulc.* Your Steward Madam, is too full of zeale,  
To doe me a preferment, but I haue  
No other ambition, then to commend  
This paper to your white hands.

*Iac.* Neuer doubt,  
Tis done, be bold and call me fellow.

*Cleon.* Be  
You circumspect I pray, that all things haue  
Their perfect shape and order, to receiue  
The Duke, you know our pleasure, not to spare  
Or cost, or studie, to delight his Highnesse.

*Iac.* I hope I haue not beene your Steward so long,  
But I know how to put your Ladiship  
To cost enough without study.

*She reads.*

*Cleon.* Shall I credit

So great a blisse? the date is fresh, *Foscari*  
Whom I thought dead? giue him five hundred Crowns  
*Iac.* We will deuide 'em.

*Cleo.* Stay.

*Iac.* You need not bid,  
I vse to make 'em stay, and long enough,  
Ere they receiue such bounties.

*Cleon.* Treasure is  
Too cheape a paiment for so rich a message.

*Iac.* This is the right Court largesse.

*Cleon.* I must call thee,

My better Genius, haue you knowne this youth?

*Iac.* If your Ladiship like him, I haue known him long  
If otherwise, I nere saw him in my life.

*Cl.* The day breaks glorious to my darkned thoughts,  
He liues, he liues yet, cease yee amorous feares,  
More to perplexe me, prethee speake sweet youth,  
How fares my Lord? vpon my Virgin heart,  
He build a flaming Altar, to offer vp  
A thankfull sacrifice for his returne,  
To life, and me, speake and increase my comforts,  
Is he in perfect health?

*Dulc.* Not perfect Madam, vntill you blesse him with  
The knowledge of your constancie.

*Cleon.* O get thee wings and flye then,  
Tell him my loue doth burne like Vesta's fire,  
Which with his memory, richer then all spices,  
Dispersed odours round about my Soule,  
And did refresh it when twas dull, and sad,  
With thinking of his absence.

*Iac.* This is strange,  
My Lady is in Loue with him.

*Cleon.* Yet stay  
Thou goest too soone away, where is he speake?

*Dulc.* He gaue me no Commission for that Lady,  
He will soone lane that question, by his presence.

*Cleona,*

*Cle.* Time h'as no feathers, he walkes now on crut-  
Relate his gesture when he gaue thee this, (ches,  
What other words, did myrth smile on his brow,  
I would not for the wealth of this great world,  
He should suspect my faith, what said he prethee,

*Dulc.* He said, what a warme loue, when desire  
Makes eloquent could speake, he said you were  
Both starre and Pilote.

*Cleon.* Not to fast, my ioyes  
Will be too mighty for me.

*Iac.* I haue found it,  
That boy comes from the Duke, that letter loue,  
'Twill be a match, and please your Ladiship —

*Cleo.* Forbeare your Ceremonies, what needs all this  
Preparation, if the Duke vouchsafe  
His person for my guest, duty will teach me,  
To entertaine him without halfe this trouble,  
He haue no ryot for his Highnesse.

*Iac.* Hum?  
How's this.

*Cleona.* Be lesse officious, you forget! —  
Sweet youth, goe forward with thy story.

*Iac.* Hum?  
This is a Fayrie, and the Diuell sent him  
To make my Lady mad, twere well to try  
Whether he be flesh and blood, ha, He pinch him first.

*Cleon.* How now? *He pinches Dulcino.*

*Iac.* My care shall see nothing be wanting, for  
Your honour, and the Dukes.

*Cleon.* Your place I see,  
Is better then your manners, goe too, be  
Lesse troublesome, his Highnesse brings intents  
Of grace, not burden to vs, know your duty.

*Iac.* So, I were best keepe my selue warme with my  
owne office, while I may, the Tide is turn'd I see with-  
in two Minutes, heere was nothing but looks to the



Gallery, perfume the Chambers, what Musicke for the Duke, a Banquet for the Duke, now, be lesse officious, Wee'l haue noryot for his Highnesse, tis this Vrcin h'as vndone all our preferment.

*Cl.* The Suns lou'd flower, that shuts his yellow cur.  
When he declineth, opens it againe (taine.

At his faire rising, with my parting Lord,

I clos'd all my delights, till his approach,

It shall not spread it selfe. *Enter Gentleman.*

*Gent.* Madam the Duke?

*Cleon.* Already. *Enter Astella and Ladies.*

*Ast.* Hee is entred.

*Cleon.* Do not leaue me,

I shall remember more.

*Enter Duke, Fabrichio, Soranzo Giotto.*

*Duke.* Excellent *Cleon*,

*Cleon.* The humble duty of a Subiect to your High-

*Duke.* Rise high in our thoughts, and thus (nesse.

Conferme we are welcome, to these eyes, our heart,

Shall pay a lower duty, then obedience

Hath taught your knet.

*Cleon.* Your Grace much honours me,  
Till this white houre, these walles were neuer proud.  
T'inclose a guest, the genius of our house,  
Is by so great a presence wak'd, and glories,  
Teentertaine you.

*Duke.* Euery accent falls  
Like a fresh lewell, to encrease her valed,  
Wee can but thanke *Cleon*.

*Cleon.* Royall Sir —

*Duke.* Let me reuoke that hasty syllable,  
But thanke thee, yes, wee can doe more, and will,  
Wee haue a heart to do't, our much greeu'd sister  
I know you doe not weare this sadnesse, for  
Our presence.

*Ast.* If I'us any skill in mine owne eyes,

Since

Since they beheld you, they haue looked  
More cheerefully, then they are wont.

*Duke*, And yet I see a teare is ready to breake prison,

*Ast.* It is of ioy to see you fir in health,  
I hope the Prince is well?

*Duke*, He will bee so

*Astella*, when he leaues to be vnkind  
To thee, but let's forget him,

*Duke*. Fame ha's not

Iniur'd him, in the Character of his person,  
And his shape promiseth a richer Soule,  
I feele a new, and fierie spirit dance,  
Vpon my amorous heart. strings.

*Duke*, We are come  
My faire *Cleona*,

*Cleon*. With your Highnesse pardon,  
That name was neuer so attended, it  
Becomes your beuntie, but not me to weare  
That Title.

*Duke*, What? *Cleon*, Of, faire my Lord?

*Duke*, I said you were my faire *Cleona* —

*Cleona*. Sir?

*Duke*, I did apply,  
I hope't does not offend to call you so,  
Y'are yet my Subiect.

*Cleon*. When I leaue that name, may Heaven —

*Duke*, Be pleas'd to change it for a better,

*Cleona*, It cannot.

*Duke*, Doe not sinne, tis in our power  
With your consent, to worke that wonder Lady.

*Cleona* I want my vnderstanding.

*Duke*, Ile explaine,

*Cleona*, Doe not belecue it youth, by all the faith  
Of Virgins, Ile not change my seruice, to  
Thy Master for his Dukedome.

*Duke*, Y'are too noble.

*Duke*,



*Duke.* What boy is that? Ha *Giotto*?

*Dulc.* Madam, the Duke obserues vs.

*Duke.* I ha seene him,

It is no common face.

*Soran.* My Lord we know not,

*Duke.* Where is *Grimundo*?

*Gior.* Not yet come my Lord.

*Duk.* Send for him streight, and bid him bring the  
We gaue into his keeping, yet, forbear, (picture  
It is in vaine.

*Sor.* My Lord, *Cleona* waites  
Your farther Courtship.

*Duke.* Whither am I carried?

*Cleon.* I hope dread Sir, my house affords no obiect,  
To interrupt your quiet.

*Duke.* None but Heauenly,  
Or could this roose be capable of ill,  
Your onely presence Lady would conuert it,  
There is a vertuous Magick in your eye,  
For wherefoere it casts a beame, it does  
Create a goodnesse, y' aue a handsome boy.

*Dulc.* The Duke is troubled?

*Cleona.* He's a prettie youth.

*Dulc.* I hope he wo'not take me from my Lady,  
I' e say I am her Seruant.

*Duke.* Something bindes  
My speech, my heart is narrow of a suddaine.

*Giotto* take some opportunity

To enquire that youths condition, name, and Country,  
And giue vs priuate knowledge, to cut off

\* Circumstance Lady, I am not your fresh,

And vnacquainted Louer, that doth waite *Soran* & *o*

The tedious Moones with preparation *whispers with*

To his amorous suite, I haue beene *Cleona*, *Iacomo*

A long admirer of your vertues, and

Doe want the comfort of so sweet a Partner,

In our young state.

*Cleon.* You mocke your humble handmaid.

*Soran,* A stranger sayest?

*Iacom:* He brought some welcome Letter  
To my Lady.

*Soranz.* Not know his name nor whence?

*Iacom.* No my good Lord.

So so, I like this well,

My Lady does apply her to the Duke,

There is some hope agen, things may succeed

This Lords discourfing with me, is an Omen

To my familiarity with Greatnesse.

*Duke,* *Grimundo* not come yet? I am not well.

*Cle.* Good Heauen defend, Angels prote& your Highnes.

*Duke,* Your holy prayers cannot but doe me good.

Continue that deuotion, Charitie

Will teach you a consent, to my departure,

*Cleon.* I am vnhappy.

*Duke,* Make not me so Lady,

By the least trouble of your selfe, I am

Acquainted with these passions, let me breath

A hart vpon thy lip farewell agen

Your pardon.

*Exit.*

*Soranz.* 'Tis a very strange distemper,

And Iuddaine, noble Lady we must waite

Vpon the Duke.

*Exeunt.*

*Iacom.* My bud is nipt agen,

Would all the Banquet were in his belly for't.

*Dulc.* Let not my eyes betray me.

*Iac.* I'm sicke too,

Let not your Ladiship repent your cost,

He haue a care the Sweet meates bee not lost.

*Exit.*

*Cleon.* Acquaint him with these passages of the Duke,

Tell him I long to see him, and at last

To crowne the story, say my heart shall know

No other Loue but his.

*Dulc,* I flye with this

Good newes.

*Exit. D. Enter Iac.*

E

*Iac.*

*Iac.* Madam here is Prince *Lodwicke*,  
Newly discoach'd.

*Cleon* : Attend him ?

*Iac* : Most officiously.

*Cleon* : Stay it can doe no harme.

*Ast.* Eene what you please.

*Cleon.* If he enquire for his Lady, answer  
She is not very well, and keepes her Chamber.

*Iac.* Ile say she's dead if you please, 'tis my duty  
Ile neuer speake truth while I live, that shall  
Offend your Ladiship.

*Cleon* : You may heare all, *Enter Lodwicke, and*  
And when you please appeare. *Piero.*

*Lodw* : Sicke ? where's her Doctor,  
Ile be acquainted with him, noble Lady.

*Cleon* : Your Grace is here most welcome,

*Lodw* : I am bold ?

*Piero* : I'm happy that my duty to the Prince  
Brought me to kisse your hand.

*Cl.* Beside the honour done to me, your person  
Will adde much comfort to *Astella*, your  
Weake Lady,

*Lodw.* She is sicke, mend let her mend, sheele spend her  
time worse, yet she knowes my minde, and might doe mee  
the curtesie to die once, ide take it more kindly, then to be at  
charge with a Phisitian.

*Cleon* : You wo'd not poyson her ?

*Lodw* : I thinke I must be driuen to't, what shall a man  
doe with a woman that wo't not be ruled, I ha giuen cause e-  
nough to breake any reasonable womans heart in *Sauoy*, and  
yet you see how I am troubled with her, but leaue her to the  
Destinies, where is my Brother all this while ? I came to  
meet him, what ist a match alreadie ? when shall we daunce,  
and triumph in the Tilt-yard, for honour of the high and  
mighty nuptrials : where is he ?

*Cleon* : My Lord he is gone.

*Lodw* : How ?

*Cleona* : Distempered.

*Lodw.*



*Lodw.* Not with wine?

*Cleon:* Departed sicke.

*Lodw:* She jeeres him, by this lip Ile loue thee, and thou wot abuse him, I knew he would but shame himselfe, and therefore durst not come with him, for mine owne credit, I warrant, he came fierce vpon thee with some parcell of Poetry, which he had con'd by hart out of *Tasso Guarrius*, or some other of the same melting Tribe, and thought to haue brought thy Maiden Towne to his obedience, at the first noyse of his furious Artillerie.

*Cleon.* My Lord, you vnderstand me not, your Brother Is not in health, some vnkind paine within him Compeld him to forsake vs,

*Lodw.* Is it true?

That he is sicke, my Brothers sicke *Piero*.

*Pier.* I am very well here.

1. *Lady?* So am not I, pray Sir appeare more ciuill Or I shall leaue you.

*Lodw:* True?

*Cleona:* Tis too true my Lord.

*Lodw:* No, no, truth is a vertuous thing, and we cannot haue too much on't, d'ee heare, if I may counsell you be wise, and stay for me, you may bec my wife within this Moneth, and the Dutcheffe too.

*Cleon:* Your Wife my Lord, why you are married, What Shall become of her?

*Lodw:* Is she not sicke?

*Cleona:* But are you sure shee's dye?

*Lodw;* What a ridiculous question, do you make, if death wo't take a faire course with her, are there not reasons enough in state thinke you, to behead her, or if that seeme cruell, because I do not affect blood, but for very good ends, I can be diuorc'd from her, and leaue her rich in the Title of Lady Dowager.

*Cleona:* Vpon what offence can you pretend a Diuorce?

*Lodw:* Because she is not fruitfull, is not that a sinne.

*Cleon;* Would your Lordship haue her fruitfull, and you Ne're lye with her.

*such*

*Lodw.* Haue not I knowne a Lady, whose husband is an Eunuch, vpon Record, mother to three or foure children and no free conscience but commends her.

*Cleon.* But these things wo'not be easily perfect, vntil You were Duke to enforce em.

*Lodw.* Is not my brother in the way? sicke already, and perhaps as fit for Heaven, as an other. I know hee cannot lue long, he's so well giuen, they neuer thrue, and then d'ee thinke ile keepe such a Religious Court, in this corner lodge a Coney of Capouchins, who shall zealously pray for mee without stockins, in that a nest of Carthusians, things which in fine turne to Otters, appeare flesh, but really are fish, for that they feede on: no, no, giue me a Court of flourishing pleasure where delight in all her shapes, and studied varieties, euery minute courts the Soule, to actuate her chiefe felicitie.

*Cleon.* Doe you neuer thinke of Hell?

*Lodw.* Faith I doe, but it alwayes makes me melancholly, and therefore as seldome as I can, my contemplation shall point thither, I am now in the spring of my life, winter will come on fast enough, when I am old, I will be as methodicall an hypocrite, as any paire of lawne sleeves in *Sanoy*.

*Cleon.* I dare not heare him longer, Madam release me.

*Enter Astella.*

*Lodw.* How now, whence come you, were you sicke?

*Ast.* At heart my Lord, to thinke of your vaukindnesse.

*Lodw.* At heart? ile nere beleuee, without inspection, am I vnkind, goe to, there's not a friend in the whole world can wish you better, would you were Canonis'd a Saint, 'tis more then I wish my selfe yet, I doe not trouble thee much on earth, and thou wert in Heaven, I would not pray to thee, for feare of disturbing thy Seraphicall deuotion.

*Ast.* What sinne haue I committed Sir, deserues This distance?

*Cleon.* In Christian charitie salute her.

*Lodw.* I would not haue your Ladiship too ventrous, The ayre is somewhat cold, and may endanger A weake body.

*Ast.*



*As.* There's an other duty, my Lord required frō husband.

*Lodw.* My Madam would to rutte, hath your honour, no pretty dapper Monkey, each morning to giue you a heat in a dance, is not your Doctor gamefome.

*As.* If the suspicion that I am vnchast —

*Lodw.* Vnchast? by this hand I doe not know one honest woman in the Dukedome.

*Cleon.* How my Lord, what doe you thinke of me?

*Lodw.* I know not whether you be a woman or no, yet.

*Cleon.* Fye my Lord.

*Lodw.* What would you haue me doe, I haue not seene her this fixe Moneths.

*As.* Oh rather my Lord conclude my sufferings,  
Then thus with tortures lengthen out my death,  
Oh kill me, and I beseech you I will kisse  
The instrument, which guided by your hand,  
Shall giue my grieve a period, and pronounce  
With my last breath, your free forgiveness.

*Enter Grim-  
mundo.*

*Lodw.* No kill your selfe, more good will come on't, how now? nay then w'are like to haue a precious time on't.

*Cleon.* The Duke my Lord enquir'd for you.

*Grim.* I met

His Highnesse in returne, and he employ'd me  
To bring backe knowledge of his better health,  
Which hee sayes, shall enable him, but to  
Expresse how much he honours faire *Cleona*.

*Cleon.* I am his studious Seruant, and reioyce  
In this good newes: your Brother is recovered.

*Lodw.* I I, I knew he would doe well enough, now Sir?

*Grim:* I haue some businesse, with you my Lord,  
Were you at opportunitie.

*Lodw.* Some morall exhortations, they are fruitlesse, I  
shall neuer eat garlike with *Diogenes* in a Tub, and speculate  
the Starres without a shirt, prethee enioy thy Religion, and  
liue at last most Phyllosophyall lousie.

*Grim:* My designe is of an other nature.

*Cleon:* May I obtaine so great a sauaour Sir,  
You'd be my Guest in absence of the Duke,

I'm but ambitious, to remember  
His health in Greeke-wine.

*Lodw.* So this Lady will be temperate, and vse mee but like a stranger, without pressing me to inconueniences of kissing her, and other superstitious Courtship of a Husband.

*Cleora*: I will engage sheele not offend you.

*Lodw.* And yet it goes against my conscience to tarry so long in honest company, but my comfort is I doe not vse it, come away *Piero*, you haue had a fine time on't.

*Cleora*: My Lord.

*Grim*: I follow Madam, yet haue comfort,  
Though reason and example vrge our feares,  
Heauen will not let you loose so many teares.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Foscarei, and Dulcino.*

*Fosc.* Did she receiue my Letter with such ioy?

*Dalc.* I wont expresse on my Lord, to giue you  
The circumstance, with a flowing Loue,  
Or rather with what glad deuotion  
She entertain'd it, at your very name,  
For so I guesst, to which her couetous sight  
Made the first haste, one might haue seene her heart  
Dance in her eyes, and as the wonder stroue  
To make her pale, warme loue did fortifie  
Her cheekes, with guiltie blushes, she did read  
And kisse the paper often, mingled questions,  
Some halfe prepondd, as her Soule had beene  
Too narrow, to receiue what you had writ,  
She quite forgot.

*Fosc.* This was before the Duke  
Came thither?

*Dalc.* Yes my Lord.

*Fosc.* And didst thou not  
Obserue her at his presence slacke that seruour,  
Her former passion had begot of me?  
Was shee not courtly to him boy?

*Dalc.* So farre  
As her great birth, and breeding, might direct

A Lady to behaue her selfe to him,  
That was her Prince.

*Fosc.* She kiss'd him, did she not?

*Dulc.* She kiss'd.

*Fosc.* He did salute her?

*Dulc.* Yes my Lord.

*Fosc.* And didst not see a flame hang on her lip,  
A spirit busie to betray her loue,  
And in a sigh conuey it to him? Oh,  
Thou canst not read a woman, did he not  
Woe her to be his Datchesse?

*Dulc.* Yes my Lord.

*Fosc.* Thou shouldst ha watcht her chseke then, there a  
Had beene a guilt indeed, a feeble answer, (blush  
With halfe a smile, had beene an argument  
Shee had beene lost, and the temptation  
Aboue her strength, which had I knowne, I could  
Ha slept, and neuer beene disturb'd, although  
I had met her in a dreame.

*Dulc.* My Lord, you weane  
A causelesse trouble to your selfe.

*Fosc.* Oh Icalousie.

I am asham'd —

*Dulc.* If euer woman lou'd  
With faith, *Cleona* honours you aboue  
Mankind, 'twere sinne but to suspect so chaste,  
So furnish'd with all vertue, your *Cleona*,

*Fosc.* It were indeed, I am too blame *Dulcino*,  
Yet when thou com'st to be so ripe, for so  
Much miserie, as to loue, thou wo't excuse me,

*Dulc.* My Lord if I might not offend with my  
Opinion, it were safest that you loose  
No time, your presence would confirme a ioy  
To eyther, and preuent the Duke, whose strong  
Solicits, may in time. endanger much  
The quiet of your thoughts.

*Fosc.* Why can there be  
Suspicion she will varie, doe not checke



The confidence thou hadst, vnsettle not,  
The faith I haue in thee, shee can proue false.

*Dulc.* Mistake me not, I doe not doubt her truth,  
But shee's a woman, and if you delay  
To interpose your selfe, his Greatnesse may  
In time, without iniustice to your Loue,  
Winne vpon her affection, you shall doe  
A great impietie to neglect her now.  
With so much prooffe, and loyaltye of honour.

*Fosc.* On neuer, neuer, and I will reward  
Hr loue, beyond example, thus *Dulcino*  
Thou shalt returne.

*Dulc.* My Lord I had much rather  
Waite on you to her.

*Fosc.* Tush, thou vnderstandst not  
What I haue purpos'd, thou shalt presently  
Go backe, and tell *Cleona*, I am dead.

*Dulc.* How dead?

*Fosc.* I boy, that I am dead, nay marke  
The issue.

*Dulc.* But my Lord, she hath your Letter  
To checke that.

*Fosc.* Thou shalt frame something, to take  
That off, some fine inuention may be made,  
To say 'twas forg'd, wee'll study that anon.  
In the assurance of my death, which must  
Be so deliuered, as she shall beleue thee,  
She may off'nd the Duke.

*Dulc.* How Sir, the Duke?

*Fosc.* I, I, the Duke, for that's the plot,  
I must aduance.

*Dulc.* And will you thus reward  
So great a loue to you.

*Fosc.* Best, best of all,  
Shall I be so vngratefull to a Lady,  
Of such rare merit, when a Prince desires  
To make her great, by my vnworthy interest  
Destroy her blessings, hinder such a fortune



From faire *Cleona*, let her loue the Duke,  
In this I will expresse the height, and glorie  
Of my best seruice.

*Dulc.* Are you sir in earnest?

*Fosc.* I loue her, and can neuer see her more,  
Posteritie shall learne new pietie  
In loue from me, it will become me looke on,  
*Cleona* a farre off, and onely mention  
Her name, as I doe Angels in my Prayer,  
Thus she deserues I shou'd conuerse with her,  
Thus I most nobly loue her.

*Dulc.* Doth shee languish  
Expecting you, and shall I carry death  
To comfort her? good Heauen forbid this Sir.

*Fosc.* Heauen doth inuite me to it, she shall raigne  
Glorious in power, while I let fall my beads  
That she might prosper, be not thou an enemy  
To her and mee, I see thou art vnwilling  
To this imployment, if th'ast any wish  
To see me happy, to preserue my life,  
And honour, which was neuer more engag'd,  
If I shall thinke thou art not very wicked,  
A false, dissembling boy, deny me not  
This office, vse what circumstance thou wilt,  
To thrine in this report, and thy sad breath,  
Shall giue a fained, saue a reall death.

*Exit.*

*Dulc.* I'me lost ith springing of my hope, shall I  
Obey him to destroy my selfe? I must,  
I dare not be my selfe, no neede haue they,  
Of other force, that make themselues away.

*Exit.*

## ACTVS, 3. SCÆNA, 1.

*Enter Iacomo.*

*Iac.* I smell a match agen, the Duke will fetch her about,  
here was another Ambassadour at Dinner, and his Highnesse

is againe expected, in confidence of my place that shall bee, I will continue my state posture, vse my toothpicke with discretion, and cough distinctly, what can hinder my rising? I am no Scholler, that exception is taken away, for most of our states-men, doe hold it a sawcie thing, for any of their Seruants, to be wiser then themselves, obserue the inuentorie of a great Noblemans house, marke the number of the learned, Ile begin with them. *Imprimis*, Chaplaines and Schoole-masters one, two Pages, 3. Gentlemen, 4. Foostemen, 6. Horses, 8. Seruing-creatures, and 10. couple of Dogs, a very Noble family.

*Enter Dulcino.*

*Dul.* Worthy Sir —

*Jac.* My Lady shall be at leisure for you presently —  
It may bee you would speake with mee first?

*Dulc.* I only entreat my Lady may haue knowledge that I waite here.

*Jac.* I will enrich my Ladies vnderstanding, Ile say nothing else but that you are here shall I? that's enough if you haue another Letter.

*Dulc.* What then?

*Jac.* I would wish you deliuer it to her owne hand, but vnder your fauour, the contents of the last Chapter, had like to vndone vs all, and Cupid had not bin more mercifull. (ry.

*Dulc.* Feare nothing, the newes I bring, will make you mer-

*Jac.* Ide laugh at that, how soeuer you are heartily welcome and euer shall bee, you doe heare no harme of the Duke?

*Dulc.* No harme?

*Jac.* You shall heare more shortly, I say no more, but heauen blesse my Lady and his Highnesse together, for my part though I speake a proud word — Ile tell my Lady that you attend her.

*Exit.*

*Dulc.* I prethee do, and hasten the discharge  
Of my sad Embassie, which when I haue done,  
And that it prospers in mine owne misfortune,  
Ile teach my breath to pray.

*Enter Cleona, Fabricio, Iacomo.*

*Fabr.* A glorious fate

Courts your acceptance, and I hope your wisdoms

Will

Will teach you how to meete it, y<sup>e</sup> au<sup>e</sup> receiu'd  
His Highnesse bosome, now Ile take my leaue.

*Cleon*: Will you not see the Prince againe?

*Fabr*. I saw his Highnesse walking with *Grimond*.  
Toward the Garden, and the Duke expects me, —  
Thinke of a Dutches Madam.

*Cleona*: I'me not worthy,  
And needs must sinke, vnder the weight of such  
A title, my humblest Seruice to his Grace,  
I am his beades-woman. *Exit Fabrichio.*

*Jac*. Madam, here's the Youth.

*Cl*. Art thou return'd already? why were you  
So rude to make him waite.

*Dulc*. Since I arriv'd,  
Tis but a paire of minutes.

*Cleon*. They are worth  
As many dayes.

*Jac*. He shall be with your Ladiship,  
Next time, before he come, when I but spy him  
A mile off, Ile acquaint you, in my duty  
To your selfe, and my honour vnto him.

*Cleon*. Withdraw.

*Jac*. Here is no couch, I doe not like  
My Ladies familiarity with a boy.  
Me thinkes a man were fitter, and more able  
To giue her a refreshing, but this Lobby  
Shall be my next remove. *Exit and stays*

*Dulc*. You will repent *behind the hang-*  
This welcome Madam. *ings.*

*Cleon*. what harsh sound is that?  
Thy lookes vpon a suddaine are become  
Dismall, thy brow dull as *Saturnes* face.  
Thy lips are hung with blacke, as if thy tongue  
Were to pronounce some Funerall.

*Dulc*. It is,  
But let your vertue place a guard about  
Your eare, it is too weake a sence to trust  
With a sad tale, that may disperse too soone.



The killing Syllables, and some one, or other  
Find out your heart.

*Cleon* : The Mandrake hath no voice  
Like this, the Raven, and the night birds sing  
More soft, nothing in Nature, to which feare  
Hath made vs superstitious, but speakes gently  
Compa'd with thee, discharge thy fatall burden,  
I am prepar'd, or stay, but answer me,  
I will and aue thee breath, and quickly know  
The totall of my sorrow, is *Foscari*  
Dead since I saw thee last? Or hath some wound,  
Or other dire misfortune seal'd him for  
The graue, that though he yet liue, I may bid  
My heart dispaire to see him?

*Dulc.* None of these,  
Since last I saw you Madam.

*Cleone.* None of these?  
Then I despise all sorrow boy, there is  
Not left another mischiefe in my fate,  
Call home thy beautie, why dost looke so pale?  
See I am arm'd, and can with valiant bloud,  
Heare thee discourse of my terrour now,  
Me thinks I can in the assurance of  
His safety, heare of Battailles, Tempest, Death,  
With all the horrid shapes that Poets fancie,  
Tell me the rale of *Troy*, or *Rome* on fire,  
Rich in the trophies of the conquered world,  
I will not shed so many teares, to saue  
The temples, as my ioy doth sacrifice,  
To heare my Lord is well.

*Dulc.* Turne them to griefe,  
Agen, and here let me kneele, the accuser  
Of him, that hath deseru'd more punishment,  
Then your wrong'd pietie will iustifie.

*Cleon.* Dost kneele,  
And call thy selfe accuser?

*Dulc.* Yes.

*Cleon.* Of whom?



Thy Lord, take heed, for if I be a Iudge  
I shall condemne thee ere thou speake.

*Dulc.* You may,  
But I accuse my selfe, and of an iniurie  
To you. *Cleona.* To mee?

*Dulc.* Too great to be forgiven.

*Cleon.* My loue to him thou seru'it, hath found a pardon  
Already for it, be it an offence  
Against my life.

*Dulc.* For his sake, you must punish,  
Deare Madam, I haue sinn'd against his Ghost,  
In my deceiuing you.

*Cleona.* His Ghost?

*Dulc.* And if,  
His Soule hath not forgotten how he loued you,  
I must expect him to affright my dreames.  
And prooue my waking euill, the truth is,  
My Lord is dead.

*Cleon.* How dead? when? where? did I  
Not heare thee say, since I receiu'd his Letter,  
He was aline?

*Dulc.* No Madam.

*Cleon.* Be not impious.

*Dulc.* I said that neither death, nor any blacke  
Misfortune had befallne him, since I gaue  
The Letter to you.

*Cleona.* Grant this truth, I am  
Secur'd agen.

*Dulc.* 'Las he was dead before,  
I'm sure you could not chuse but heare as much,  
It was my wickednesse arriu'd, to mocke  
Your credulous heart, with a deuised Letter,  
I know you are in wonder, what should moue mee,  
To this imposture, sure it was no malice,  
For you nere iniur'd me, and that doth make  
My crime the more deform'd, all my ayme was,  
Beeing a stranger here, and wanting meanes  
After my Lords death, by this cunning, to

Procure some bounty from you, to sustaine  
 My life, vntill by some good fortune, I  
 Might get another Master, for I knew  
 There was no hope to benefit my selfe,  
 By saying he was dead, good Heauen forgie me  
 And keepe my eyes from weeping.

*Cleon.* Thou hast vndone me,  
 Like a most cruell boy.

*Dulc.* Madam, I hope  
 I shall repaire the ruines of your eye,  
 When I declare the cause, that leades me to  
 This strange confession, I haue obseru'd  
 The Duke does loue you, loue you in that way,  
 You can deserue him, and though I haue sinn'd,  
 I am not stubborne in my fault, to suffer you,  
 In the beliefe of my deceitfull story,  
 To wrong your fortune, by neglect of him,  
 Can bring your merit such addition,  
 Of state and title.

*Cleona:* Dost thou mocke agen?

*Dulc:* Heauen knowes, I haue no thought of such impiety,  
 If you will not beleene, that for your sake  
 I haue betrayed my selfe, yet be so charitable,  
 To thinke it something of my duty, to  
 The Duke, whose ends, while they are iust, and noble,  
 All loyall subiects, ought to serue, for him.  
 Whom I am bound to honour, and I loue him,  
 Else may I neuer know one day of comfort.  
 I durst not without guilt of treason, to  
 His chaste desires, deceiue you any longer,  
 Collect your selfe deere Madam, in the graue,  
 There dwels no musicke, in the Dukes embrace  
 You meete a perfect happinesse.

*Cleona:* Begon,  
 And neuer see me more, who euer knew  
 Falshood so ripe at thy yeares?

*Exit.*

*Dulc:* Is not yet  
 My poore heart broke? hath nature giuen it

So strong a temper; that no wound will kill me?  
 What charme was in my gratitude to make me  
 Vndoe so many comforts with one breath,  
 Or was it for some sinne I had to satisfie?  
 I haue not onely widowed *Cleona*,  
 But made my selfe a miserie beneath,  
 An Orphant, I nere came to haue a friend,  
 I ha destroyed my hope, that little hope,  
 I had to be so happy.

*Iacomo comes forth.*

*Iacm.* Is't e'ne so?

My friend, what make you here? who sent for you? begon  
 dee heare, begon I say the word too, there is a Porters  
 lodge este, where you may haue due chastisement, youle be-

*Dulc.* I'me sorry,

(gon.

I haue offended Sir.

*Exit Dulc.*

*Iac.* So am not I,

Let me see, some body is dead, if I knew who, no matter  
 'tis one that my Lady lou'd, and I am glad to heare it, for  
 mine owne sake, now *Vixen* speed the Dukes plough, and  
 turne me loose to a priuy Connellor.

*Enter Sor. 1. 2.*

*Sor.* Signior *Iacomo*, where's your Lady?

*Iac.* She is within my good Lord, wilt please you Walke  
 this way?

*Sor.* Pretiee make hast, the Duke is comming. *Exeunt.*

*Iac.* I smell him hitherto, *Enter Iacomo presently.*

So so, I will take this opportunity, to present my selfe to  
 his Highnesse, that hee may take particular notice, of my  
 bulke and personage, hee may chance speake to me, I haue  
 common places to answer any ordinary question, and for  
 other, he shall find by my impudence, I come not short of a  
 perfect Courtier. Here hee comes, I will dislemble some  
 contemplation, and with my hat on, giue him cause to ob-  
 serue me the better.

*Enter the Duke, and Lords.*

*Duke.* What fellowes that?

*Gior.* A Seruant of *Cleona's*,

*Fabr.* Signior?

*The Duke extends his  
 hand, Iacomo kisses it.*

*Iacm.*



*Iacom.* Your Highnesse humble creature, you haue blest my lips, and I will weare them thredbare, with my prayers, for your Graces immortall prosperitie. *Enter Soranzo.*

*Duke,* *Soranzo* is return'd,  
How fares *Cleona*?

*Sor.* My Lord not well, I found her full of sadnesse, which is increast, shee cannot as becomes her duty, obserue your Highnesse.

*Iacom.* One word with your Grace in priuate, shee is as well, as either you, or I.

*Duke,* Sayst thou so?

*Iacom.* There came indeed before you certaine newes, that a noble Gentleman, I know not who, and therefore he shall bee namelesse, but some deare friend of hers, is dead, and thats all, and that has put her into a melancholy mood, with your gracious pardon, if I were worthy to bee one of your Countsellours——

*Duke,* What then?

*Iaco.* I would aduise you, as others doe, to take your owne course, your Grace knowes best, what is to be done.

*Duke.* So Sir; Didst thou not see that pretty boy I told thee of?

*Soranzo.* No my good Lord.

*Duke,* We are resolu'd to comfort her, set forward.

*Grim.* You had simple grace?

*Iac.* A touch or so, a beame with which his Highnesse, Doth vse to keepe desert warme, good my Lord.  
It is not come to that yet. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Foscarei, and a Servant.*

*Fosc:* Goe to the next religious house, and pray,  
Some Holy Father come and speake with mee,  
But hasten thy returne, I dare not looke on *Exit Serv.*  
My selfe, least I forget to doe her honour,  
And my heart prooue a partiall Aduocate,  
I must not entertaine with the same thought,  
*Cleona* and my Loue, least my owne passion  
Betray the resolution, I ha made,  
To make my seruice famous to all ages.



A legend that may startle wanton blood,  
 And strike a chilnesse through the actiue veines  
 Of noblest Louers, when they heare, or read,  
 That to advance a Mistresse, I haue giuen her,  
 From mine owne heart, if any shall be so  
 Impious at my memory, to say  
 I could not doe this act, and loue her too,  
 Some power diuine, that knew how much I lou'd her.  
 Some Angell that hath care to right the dead,  
 Punish that crime for me, and yet me thinks,  
 In such a cause my owne enraged Spirit,  
 In pittie of my ashes, so prophand,  
 Should nimble lift my sweating marble vp;  
 And leape into my dust, which new inliscn'd  
 Should walk to him, that questioned my honor,  
 And be its owne reuenger, he is come. *Enter Valentio.*  
 Welcome good Father, *a religious man.*  
 I sent to intreat your helpe, but first, pray tell me,  
 I haue no perfect memory, what Saint  
 Giues title to your Order?

*Val.* Wee doe weare  
 The Scapular of Saint Bennet Sir.

*Fosc.* Your Charity  
 Make you still worthy of that reuerend habit,  
 I haue a great Deuotion, to bee made  
 A Brother of your sacred institution,  
 What persons of great birth hath it receiu'd?

*Val.* To fashion my reply to your demaund,  
 Is not to boast, though I proclaime the honours  
 Of our profession; Foure Emperours,  
 Forty sixe Kings, and one and fiftie Queeres,  
 Haue chang'd their Royall Ermines for our sables,  
 These Cowles haue cloth'd the heads of fourteene hundred,  
 And sixe Kings Sonnes, of Dukes, great Marquises,  
 And Earles, two thousand and aboue foure hundred  
 Haue turn'd their Princely Coronets, into  
 An humble Corronet of haire of haire. left by  
 The Razour thus.

*Fosc.* No, it is not.

There is a Sunne ten times more glorious,  
Then that which riseth in the East, attracts me  
To feed vpon his sweet beames, and become  
A Bird of Paradise, a religious man  
To rise from earth, and no more to turne backe,  
But for a buriall.

*Val.* Thinke what tis you doe,  
It is no thing to play the wanton with,  
In the strong bended passion of an humour,  
For a friends death, a Kings frowne, or perhaps  
Losse of a Mistresse.

*Fosc.* O still blisse the guide  
What euer, that shall leade this happy way.

*Val.* My Lord, the truth is like your coate of armes,  
Richest when plainest, I doe feare the world  
Hath tir'd you, and you seeke a cell to rest in,  
As Birdes that wing it o're the Sea, seeke ships,  
Till they get breath, and then they flie away.

*Fosc.* Doe not mistake a piety, I am prepar'd  
And can endure your strict mortifications,  
Good Father then preferre my humble Suite,  
To your Superiour for the habit, and  
Let me not long expect you, say I am,  
Noble, but humblest in my thoughts.

*Val.* I see,  
Meane time examine well this new desire,  
Whether 't be a wild flash, or a Heauenly fire. *Exit.*

*Fosc.* Now my good boy. *Enter Dulsino.*

*Dalc.* Sir, your command is done,  
And she beleeuens?

*Fosc.* That I am dead *Dulsino*?

*Dalc.* That you are dead, and as shee now scorn'd life,  
Death lends her cheekes his paleness, and her eyes  
Tell downe their drops of silver to the earth,  
Wishing her teares might raine vpon your graue,  
To make the gentle earth produce some flower,  
Should beare your names and memories.

*Fosc.*

*Fosc.* But thou seest,  
I liue *Dulcino*.

*Dulc.* Sir I should bee blest,  
If I did see you sought the meanes to liue,  
And to liue happily, O noble Sir,  
Let mee vntread my steps, vsay my words,  
And tell your loue, you liue.

*Fosc.* No my sweet Boy,  
Shee thinkes not much amisse, I am a man  
But of an houre or two, my will is made,  
And now I goe, neuer more cheerefully,  
To giue eternall farewell to my friends.

*Dulc.* For Heauens sake Sir, whats this you mean to doe?  
There is a feare sits cold vpon my heart,  
And tels me —

*Fosc.* Let it not misinforme thee Boy,  
Ile vse no violence to my selfe, I am  
Resol'd a course, wherein I will not doubt,  
But thou wilt beare mee company? weele enter  
Into Religion.

*Dulc.* Into Religion?

*Fosc.* Otis a Heauenly life, goe with me boy,  
Wee'll imitate the singing Angels there,  
Learne how to keepe a Quire in Heauen, and scorne  
Earths transitory glorie, wo't *Dulcino*?

*Dulc.* Alas my Lord, I am too young.

*Fosc.* Too young  
To serue Heauen? Neuer, neuer, O take heed,  
Of such excuse.

*Dulc.* Alas, what shall I doe?  
And yet I'm weary of the world, but how  
Can I doe this? I am not yet discouered,  
Sir, I shall still attend you.

*Fosc.* Th'art my comfort,  
I haue propounded it already. to  
A *Benedictine*, by whose meanes we may  
Obtaine the habit, stay thou and expect him,  
I must bee absent for a little time,



To finish something, will conduce, to my  
 Eternall quiet, if th' hast any scruple,  
 Hee will direct thee, having both made euen  
 With earth, wee le trauaile hand, in hand to heauen. *Exit.*

*Duke.* Fortune hath lent me a prospectiue glasse,  
 By which I haue a looke beyond all ioyes;  
 To a new world of miserie, whats my best  
 Let it be so, for I am hopelesse now,  
 And it were well, if when those weedes I haue,  
 That I might goe disguised to my graue. *Exit.*

*Enter Lodwicke, and Grimundo.*

*Lodw.* This is strange.

*Grim.* You know I haue giuen you many precepts of  
 honestie?

*Lodw.* And you know how I haue followed em.

*Grim.* To mine owne heart, I haue made tedious dis-  
 courses of Heauen to yee, and the morrall vertues, numbred  
 vp the duties of a good Prince, vrg'd examples of vertues,  
 for your imitation.

*Lodw.* To much purpose.

*Grim.* Seem'd to sweat with agony and vexation, for  
 your obstinate courses, reproou'd you, nay sometimes made  
 complaints of you, to the Duke.

*Lodw.* And I ha curse you for it, I remember.

*Grim.* Alas my Lord, I durst doe no otherwise, was not  
 the Duke your Father an honest man, and your Brother now  
 foolishly takes after him, whose credulities, when I had al-  
 ready coozened, I was bound to appeare stoicall, to preserue  
 the opinion they had conceiued of me.

*Lodw.* Possible.

*Grim.* It speakes discretion and abilities, in States-men,  
 to apply themselves to their Princes disposition, vary a thou-  
 sand shapes, if he be honest, we put on a forme of grauity,  
 if he be vicious, we are Parasites, indeed in a politique Com-  
 mon wealth, if you obserue well, there is nothing but the ap-  
 pearance, and likenesse of things that carrieth opinion, your  
 great men will appeare odde, and phantasticall, and foolles



are ofteſe taken for wiſe Officers, your moſt aſtiue gallants, ſeeme to carry their owne haire, and your handſomeſt Ladies their owne faces, you cannot know a Secretary from a Scholler in blacke, nor a Gentleman Viſher in Scarlet, from a Captaine, your Iudge that is all compos'd of Mercy, hath ſtill the face of a Philoſopher, and to ſome is more terrible and crabbed, then the Law it ſelfe. All things are but representation, and my Lord, howſoeuer I haue appear'd to you, I am at heart one of your owne Sect, an Epicure, bee but ſo ſubtle to ſeeme honeſt, as I doe, and we will laugh at the fooliſh world in our Cels, declaime againſt intemperate liuers, and hug our owne Licentiousneſſe, while wee ſurfet our Soules in the darke with Nectar and Ambroſia.

*Lod.* Can this be earneſt, you did talke of Hell and Bug-beares.

*Grim.* I confeſſe, and were you in publique, I would vrge many other empty names to fright you, put on my Holiday countenance, and talke nothing but diuinity, and golden ſentences, looke like a ſuperlicious Elder, with a ſtarch'd face, and a tunable noſe, whilst he is edifying his Neighbors woman.

*Lod.* You were a Chriſtian, how came you to be conuerted.

*Grim.* I thinke I had a name giuen me, and thats all I re-taine, I could neuer endure really, their ſeuere diſcipline, marry for my preferment, and other politique ends, I haue, and can ſtill diſpence, with faſting, prayer, and a thouſand fond auſterities, though I doe penance for em in priuate.

*Lod.* Let me aſke you one queſtion, were you neuer drunk?

*Grim.* A thouſand times in my ſtudy, that's one of my recreations.

*Lodw.* How chance I could neuer ſee't in you, you know I would ha benee drunke for company.

*Grim.* But I durſt not truſt ſo young a ſinner, for I alwayes held it a maxime, to doe wickedneſſe with circumſpection.

*Lodw.* Wickedneſſe?

*Grim.* I ſpeake in the phraſe of the fooliſh world, that holds voluptuousneſſe a crime, which you and I, and euery

wife man knowes, to be the onely happinesse of life, and the inheritance, we are borne to.

*Lodw.* But stay, how comes it to passe, that accounting me so young a sinner, you now aduenture to discouer your selfe?

*Grim.* To you?

*Lodw.* To mee.

*Grim.* Good my Lord conceiue me, you were a young sinner, and in your Nonage, does that inferre that you haue made no growth, that y<sup>e</sup> are a child still, deethinke that I ha not wit to distinguish a Principiant in vice, from a Graduate, shall I be afraid to lay open my secretst impieties to you, that are almost as perfect as my selfe in Epicurisme, I beseech you, doe not thinke, I ha so little manners to vnderalue you.

*Lodw.* Very well, proceed.

*Grim.* And yet my Lord, with your princely license, you may learn too, and indeed the first vertue that I would commend to your practice should be that, by which I haue attain'd to this height, and opinion, and thats Hypocrisie.

*Lodw.* Hypocrisie?

*Grim.* Yes, a delicate white diuell, doe but fashlon your selfe to seeme holy, and studie to be worse in priuate, worse, youle find your selfe more active in your sensualitie, and it will be an other titillation, to thinke what an asse you make a'the beleeuing world, that will be readie to dote, nay superstitionally adore you, for abusing them.

*Lodw.* This is pretty wholesome doctrine, and harke you, ha you no wenches now and then?

*Grim.* Wenches? would the Duke your Brother had so many for his owne sake, or you either.

*Lodw.* Hast is faith?

*Grim.* Faith? why judge by your selfe, how dee thinke a man should subsist, wenching? why tis the top-branch, the heart, the very Soule of pleasure, ile not giue a chip to bee an Emperour, and I may not caruet as often as my constitution requires, Lecherie is the Monarch of Delight, whose Throne is in the bloud, to which all other sinnes doe homage, and bow like seruiceable Vassailes, petty Subjects in the Dominion of flesh — Wenches  
why

Why I haue as many — yet now I thinke better on't, Ile keepe that to my selfe, store makes a good prouerbe.

*Lodw.* Nay nay, be free and open to mee, you haue my oath not to betray.

*Grim.* Well, Ile not bee nice to you, you little imagine (though I be married,) that I am the greatest whoremaster i'th Dukedome.

*Lodw.* Not the greatest?

*Grim.* Haue a strong faith and saue my proofes, I? the Viceroy doe not hoard vp his gold, nor the Countrey oppressor his Corne more against a deare yeare, but *Cante sinon Casse*, my Nunne at home knowes nothing, like a Mole in the earth, I worke deepe, but inuisible; I haue my priuate Houses, my Granaries, my Magasines bully, as many Concubines, as would collected, furnish the Great *Turkes Seraglio*.

*Lodw.* How doe you conceale 'em, I should nere keepe halfe so many, but 'twould be knowne.

*Grim.* You are then a Nouice in the Art of *Venus*, and will tell Tales out a'the Schoole, like your weake Gallants o'the first chin, that will brag what Ladies they haue brought to their obedience, that thinke it a mighty honour, to discourse how many Fortes they haue beleaguerd, how many they haue taken by battery, how many by composition, and how many by Stratagem; that will proclaime, how this Madam kisses, how like Iuic the tother *bona Roba* embraced em, and with what actiuity, a third playes her amorous prize, a fine commendation for such Whelpes ist not?

*Lodw.* A fault, a fault, who can deny it? But what are those you pra'ctise with? A touch, come, what Commodities?

*Grim.* Not Sale-ware, Mercenary stuffe, that yee may haue i'th Suburbs, and now maintaine traffique with Ambassadors Seruants, nor with Laundresses, like your Students in Law, who teach her to argue the case so long, till she find a Statute for it, nor with Mistresse Silkworme in the Citty, that longs for creame and cakes, and loues to  
Cuckold.



Cuckold her Husband in fresh ayre, nor with your waiting Gentlewoman, that is in loue with poetry, and will not part with her honour, vnder a Copie of fine verses, or an Anagram, nor with your course Lady her selfe, that keepes a Strallion and cozens the old Knight, and his two paire of Spectacles, in the shape of a Seruingman, but with your rich, faire, high-fed, glorious and springing Catamountaines, Ladies of bloud, whose eyes will make a Souldier melt, and he were compos'd of marble, whose euery smile, hath a magneticke force to draw vp Soules, whose voyce will charme a Satyre, and turne a mans prayers into ambition, make a Hermit runne to Hell for a touch on her, and there hug his owne damnation.

*Lodw.* I haue heard you, and now I thinke fit to discouer my selfe to you, you are a Rascall.

*Grim.* Sir, I thinke I am one.

*Lodw.* Let not your wisdome thinke, I can bee so easily guld.

*Grim.* How Sir?

*Lodw.* Hou thinke you haue talked very methodically, and cunningly all this while, and that I am as they say, a credulous coxcombe, and cannot perceiue, that by your politique jeeres vpon my pleasures, you labour to discredit, not onely my recreations, but my selfe to my owne face, D'ee heare? the time may come you will not dare these things, and yet you shall see, I will not now so much as seeme angry, preferue your humor, 'twill appeare fresh o'ch Stage my learned Gymnosophist, very well, excellent well.

*Grim.* Why does not your Lordship belecue me then?

*Lodw.* Do'st thou thinke throughout the yeare, I will loose one minute of my pastime, for this your tooth-lesse Satyre, your mocke-ballad, goe get some pretty tune, 'twill doe you a great deale of credit, the next Lent to be presented by folly in an Anti-maske, ile to a wench presently.

*Grim.* I came to carry you to one. *Lodw.* How? thou?

*Grim.* Doe not deceiue your selfe, come you shall belecue and thanke mee, will that serue turne, shall I bee thought worthy to bee trusted then, if I doe the office of a Bawd  
for



for you, and play the Pander with dexteritie, will that con-  
uince you?

*Lodw.* Yes, yes, then I will belecue thee.

*Grim.* Then goe with me, and I will demonstrate.

*Lodw.* Whither?

*Grim.* I will carry you to a Lady, bee not afraid shee is  
honest, a handsome peece of flesh, a Lady that will bound  
ye, and rebound, a Ladie that will rauish you.

*Lodw.* Me?

*Grim.* With delight and admiration, one in whom doth  
flourish all the excellencie of women, honesty only excepted,  
such a charming brow, speaking eye, springing cheekes, temp-  
ting lip, swelling bosome.

*Lodw.* Will you leade me to such a creature?

*Grim.* Yes.

*Lodw.* And shall I enioy her in dalliance?

*Grim.* Yes, and thinke your selfe richer, then to be Lord  
of both the Indies, heres my hand cut it off if I doe not this  
feate for you, when you please, and when you are satisfi-  
ed with her, Ile helpe you to forty more, but wee are in-  
terrupted.

*Enter Giotto, Soranzo.*

*Giot.* There he is with *Grimundo*.

*Sor.* His late Gouvernour, he is giuing him good counsell.

*Giot.* Pray heauen he haue the grace to follow it.

*Grim.* Consider Sir, but what will be the end,  
Of all these wicked courses.

*Lodw.* Pretious villaine.

*Grim.* We must be circumspect.

*Lodw.* No more, I haue a crotchet new sprung,  
Where shall I meete thee?

*Grim.* Ile expect you in the parke — be very seeres  
My Lord I can but grieue for you. *Exit.*

*Lodw.* How haue we all beene cozen'd?  
What is my brother here?

*Sor.* This houre my Lord, he is now vpon tetraine?

*Lodw.* Ile see him, and then prepare me for this Lady.

I feele a boyling in my veines already,  
 This is the life of greatnesse, and of Court  
 They'r fooles that will be frighted from their sport. *Exeunt*

# ACTVS, 4. SCÆNA, 1.

*Enter Lodwicke, and Piero.*

*Lodw.* Do't and thou lou'st me?

*Pier.* What dee meane my Lord?

*Lodw.* Nay wee must haue such a deale of circumstance,  
 I say doe it.

*Pier.* What, that?

*Lodw.* That? Is that such a piece of matter, does it ap-  
 peare so horrid in your imagination, that you should looke  
 as if you were frighted now?

*Pier.* My Lord it is ———

*Lodw.* A thing your lust will prompt you to, but that  
 You affect Ceremony, and loue to be entreated.

*Piero.* With your Lady?

*Lodw.* Yet againe, must I voyce it like the Towne-  
 Cryer, and ramme it into your head with noyse, you haue  
 not beene obseru'd so dull, in a businesse of this supple Na-  
 ture.

*Pier.* But thinke on't agen, I pray you thinke a little bet-  
 ter, I ha no great ambition to ha my throat cut.

*Lodw.* By whom?

*Piero.* By you, you cannot chuse but kill me for't, when I  
 haue done, name any other Lady, or halfe a score on'em, as  
 farre as flesh will goe, I ha but a body, and that shall ven-  
 ture vpon a disease to doe you seruice, but your Lady.

*Lodw.* Haue I not told thee my end?

*Piero:* I Sir, but I am very loath to begin with her, I  
 know she will not let me doe the feate, I had as good neuer  
 attempt it.

*Lodw.* Is your mountaneous promise come to this? Re-  
 member, if I doe not turne honest ———

*Piero.* My Lord doe but consider ——— well I will doe  
 what

what I can, and there be no remedy — but

*Lodw.* No butting.

*Piero.* Nay for butting, your Lordship is like to doe that better, when I haue done with your Lady, vpon one condition, Ile resolue.

*Lodw.* Whats that?

*Piero.* I must be a little plaine w<sup>th</sup> my Lord, that you w<sup>o</sup> not aske me blessing, I am like to bee one of your God-fathers.

*Lodw.* How?

*Piero.* The new name that I shall adde to your other titles will sticke in your head and I feare corrupt your braines too many wise men haue ruine mad vpon't in the City.

*Lodw.* Neuer feare it, for if thou canst but corrupt her, Ile shew a diuorce presently.

*Piero.* And bring me in for a witnes. *Enter Astella.*

*Lodw.* She's here feare nothing, Ile be thy protection, it were not amisse to cast away some kindness vpon her, nay I was comming to take my leaue.

*Ast.* I know you neuer meant it,

*Lodw.* Thus my best intents are rewarded still, the more sinne vpon your conscience, y<sup>e</sup> haue a hard heart, but heauen forgie vs all, *Astella* farewell, *Piero* expect my returne here — pray entertaine this Gentleman courteously in my absence, you know not how kindly I may take it.

*Ast.* I would you would enioyne me any testimony, So I might be in hope to winne your loue.

*Lodw.* Tis in the will of women to doe much, doe not dispaire, the proudest heart is but flesh, thinke a that,

*Ast.* Of what?

*Lodw.* Of flesh, and so I leaue you.

*Pier.* Wilt please you Madam, walke into your chamber, I haue something to impart, will require more priuacie.

*Ast.* If it bee grieue, tis welcome. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Duke, and Lords.*

*Duke.* My Soule I haue examin'd, and yet find.  
No reason for my foolish passion.



Our hot *Italian* doth affect these boyes,  
 For sinne, I'ue no such flame, and yet me thought  
 He did appeare most louely, nay in's absence  
 I cherish his Idea, but I must  
 Exclude him, while he hath but soft impression,  
 Being remou'd already in his person,  
 I loose him with lesse trouble. *Enter Giotto.*

*Giotto.* Please your Highnesse,  
 A stranger but some Gentleman of qualitie,  
 Intending to leaue *Sanoy*, humbly prayes  
 To kisse youe hand.

*Duke.* A Gentleman, admit him.

*Enter Foscarei disguised, and kisses the Dukes hand.*

*Fosc.* You are a gracious prince, and this high fauour  
 Deserues my person, and my Sword, when you  
 Vouchsafe so much addition to this honour,  
 To call them to your Seruice.

*Dmbe.* You are noble.

*Foscari.* It is not complement my Lord alone  
 Made me thus bold, I haue a priuate message,  
 Please you command their distance.

*Duke.* Waite without.

*Fosc.* Haue you forgot this face?

*Duke.* *Foscari's* shadow?

*Fosc.* The substance Sir, and once more at your feet,

*Duke.* Return'd to life. Rise, meet our armes; why in  
 This Cloud?

*Fosc.* Your pardon royall Sir, it will  
 Concerne your Highnesse to permit me walke  
 In some Eclipse.

*Duke.* How?

*Fosc.* Be but pleas'd to grant  
 A little freedome to my speech, I shall  
 Demonstrate the necessity of this  
 Action, I said I had a message,  
 I come Sir from *Cleona*.

*Duke.* From *Cleona*?

*Fosc.* From her indeed, and in her name, I must



Propound a question, to which she prays,  
You would be just and noble in your answer,  
*Duke.* Without disputing your Commission;  
Vpon mine Honour —

*Fosc.* Princes cannot staine it, dee you loue her?

*Duke.* Doe I loue her? Strange?

*Fosc.* Nay she would haue you pause, and thinke wellc're  
You giue her resolution, for she bad me tell you  
She has beene much afflicted since you left her,  
About your loue.

*Duke.* About my loue? I prethee  
Bee more particular.

*Fosc.* I shall, so soone  
As you were gone, being alone, and full  
Of melancholly thoughts.

*Duke.* I left her so.

*Fosc.* Willing to ease her head vpon her couch,  
Through silence, and some friendship of the darke,  
Shee fell asleepe, and in a short dreame thought,  
Some Spirit told her softly in her eare,  
You did but mocke her with a smooth pretence  
Of Loue.

*Duke.* Ha?

*Fosc.* More, that you are fallen from honour,  
Haue taken impious flames into your bosome,  
That y'are a Bird of prey, and while she hath  
No household Lar, to waite vpon her threshold  
You would flye in, and seize vpon her honour.

*Duke.* I hope she ha's no faith in dreames.

*Fosc.* And yet

Diuinity hath oftentimes descended  
Vpon our slumbers, and the blessed troupes  
Haue in the calme, and quiet of the Soule,  
Conuers'd with vs, taught men and women happy  
Wayes to preuent a tyrants rage, and last.

*Duke.* But this was some most false malicious Spirit,  
That would insinuate with her white Soule,  
There's danger if she cherish the infusion,

*Fosc.* She cannot tell, she hath some feares my Lord,  
Great men haue left examples of their vice,  
And yet no iealousie of you, but what  
A myracle doth vge, if this be one ;  
If you but once more say you loue *Cleona*,  
And speake it vnto me, and to the Angels,  
Which in her prayers, she hath inuok'd to heare you,  
She will be confident, and tell her dreame,  
She cannot be illuded.

*Duke.* Though I need not  
Giue an account to any, but to Heauen  
And her faire selfe, *Foscari*, thou shalt tell her  
With what alacritie I display my heart,  
I loue her with chaste and noble fire, my intents are  
Faire as her brow, tell her I dare proclaime it,  
In my deuotions, at that minute, when  
I know a million of adoring Spirits  
Houer about the Altar, I doe loue her—

*Fosc.* Enough, enough, my Lord be pleas'd to heare,  
What I haue now to say, you haue exprest  
A braue and vertuous Soule, but I must not  
Carry this message to her, therefore take  
Your owne words backe agen — I loue *Cleona*  
With chaste, and noble fire, my intents are  
Faire as her brow, I dare proclaime it Sir,  
In my deuotions, at that minute, when  
I know a Million of adoring Spirits,  
Houer about the Altar.

*Duke.* Doe ye mocke me?

*Fosc.* Pardon a truth my Lord, I haue apparrelld  
My owne sence with your language.

*Duke.* Doe you come  
To affront vs, you had better ha bene sleeping  
In your cold vnae, and faine late gaue you out,  
And mingled with the rude forgotten ashes,  
Then liue to moue our anger.

*Fife.* Spare your frownes.

This earth weighs not my Spirit downe, a feare  
 Would dy the palenesse of my Fathers dust,  
 Into a blush, Sir many are aliuē,  
 Will sweare, I did not tremble at a Canon,  
 When it strooke thunder in mine eare, and wrapt  
 My head in her blew mistis, it is not breath  
 Can fright a noble truth, nor is there Magicke  
 In person of a King that playes the Tyrant,  
 But a good Sword can easily vncharme it,

*Duke.* You threaten vs.

*Fosc.* Heauen auert so blacke a thought,  
 Though in my honours cause I can be flame,  
 My bloud is frost to treason make me not  
 Bely my heart, for I doe loue *Cleona*?  
 And my bold heart tels me, aboue all height,  
 You can affect her with, no birth or state  
 Can challenge a Prerogative in loue;  
 May be nor partiall, and you shall ascribe  
 To mine loues victory, for though I admit,  
 You value her aboue your Dukedome, health,  
 That you would sacrifice your bloud, to auert  
 Any mishap should threaten that deare head,  
 All this is but aboue your selfe, but I  
 Loue her aboue her selfe, and while you can  
 But giue your life, and all you haue, to doe  
*Cleona* seruice, I can giue away  
 Her selfe, *Cleona's* selfe, in my loue to her,  
 I see you are at losse, Ile reconcile  
 All, she is yours, this minute ends my claime,  
 Liue, and enioy her happily, may you  
 Be famous in that beautilous Empire, shee  
 Blest in so great a Lord.

*Duke.* I must not be

Orecome in honour, nor would doe so great  
 A wrong, to enioy the blessing, I knew not  
 You were engag'd.

*Fosc.* Ere you proceed, I must  
 Beseech you heare me out, I am but fresh,



Return'd from trauaile, in my absence, she  
 Heard I was slaine, at my returne, vpon  
 The hearing of these honours you intend her,  
 And which I now belecue from your owne lip,  
 I found a meanes, and haue wrought her already,  
 Into a firme beleife that I am dead,  
 (For I haue but pretended I came from her)  
 If for my sake you leaue her now, I can  
 Make good her faith and dye, 't sha' not be said,  
 I liu'd, and ouerthrew *Cleona's* fortune.

*Duke.* Stay myracle of honour, and of loue.

*Fosc.* If you proceed, as it concernes your happinesse,  
 I can secure all feare of mee, I am  
 Resolu'd a course wherein I will bee dead  
 To her, yet liue to pray for her, and you,  
 Although I neuer see you more, will you  
 My Royall Lord?

*Duke.* Did euer Louer plead  
 Against himselfe before?

*Fosc.* I loue her still,  
 And in that study her advancement Sir,  
 In you, I cannot gine her.

*Duke.* Well, I will still loue her, and sollicite.  
*Fosc.* And not open  
 That I am liuing.

*Duke.* Not a Syllable.

*Fosc.* I am confident, let me but kisse your hand.  
 Agen, may blessings dwell with you for euer.

*Exit.*

*Dulc.* He was alwayes noble, but this passion  
 Has outgone Hystorie, it makes for me,  
 Haile to my curteous fate, *Foscari* thanks,  
 Like the aged Phenix, thy old loue expires,  
 And from such Death, springs life to my desires.

*Exit.*

*Enter Dulcino.*

*Dulc.* The Father is not come yet, nor my Lord  
 Return'd, yet when they doe, I haue no way  
 To helpe my selfe, nor haue I power to goe  
 From hence, sure this is the Religious man.

*Enter*



*Enter Valencio.*

*Val.* Ha tis the same.

*Dulc.* Father *Valencio*?

*Val.* Deare *Leonora*.

*Dulc.* Sir the same.

*Wal.* Oh let

My teares expresse my ioyes, what myracle  
Gave you this liberty?

*Dulc.* I was rescued,  
By th' happy valour of a Gentleman,  
To whom in gratitude, I pay this seruice,  
He bad me here expect a holy man,  
And is it you?

*Val.* The circumstance confirms it.

*Dulc.* Are you the goodman whom my Lord expects.  
Tis some refreshing in the midst of sorrow,  
To meete agen.

*Val.* And Heauen hath heard my prayer.

*Dulc.* But I am miserable still vnable  
Your counsell doe releue me.

*Val.* Why my charge?

*Dulc.* This noble Gentleman, to whom I owe  
My preservation, who appointed you  
To meet him here, hauing resolu'd to enter,  
Into Religion, hath beene very vrgent,  
For mee to doe so too, and overcome  
With many importunities, I gaue  
Consent, not knowing what was best to doe,  
Some cure or I am lost, you know I cannot  
Mixe with religious men.

*Val.* Did you consent?

*Dulc.* I did, and he is now vpon the point  
Of his returne.

*Val.* Y'are in a straight, I must  
Confesse, no matter, hold your purpose, and  
Leaue all to mee, he is return'd.

*Enter Foscare.*

*Fos.* Good Father.

Now I am ready, haue you dispos'd him  
For such a life.

*Val.* Hee is constant to attend you,  
I haue prepar'd him, and made way to the Abbot,  
For your reception,

*Fos.* I am blest, *Dulcimo*,  
Nay no distinction now, me thinkes we moue  
Vpon the wings of Cherubins already,  
Tis but a step to heauen, come my sweet boy  
Wee climbe by a short ladder to our ioy.

*Exeunt.**Enter Lodowicke and Grimundo.*

*Gri.* This my Lord is her garden, into which you see  
My key hath giuen vs priuate access.

*Lod.* Tis full of curiositie,

*Gri.* You see that groue,

*Lod.* I doe.

*Gri.* There is her house of pleasure, let your eye entertaine  
Some delight here, while I giue her happie  
Knowledge you are entred.

*Exit.*

*Lod.* Doe so, an honest knaue I see that, how happy  
Shall I bee in his conuersation, I sha' not neede  
To keepe any in fee to procure, and he bee  
So well furnished, if euer I come to be Duke, I will  
Erect a magnificent Colledge, endow it  
With reuenew to maintaine wenches, and  
With great pensions inuite the fairest Ladies  
From all parts of Christendome, into my Seraglio.  
Then, wil I haue this fellow gelded, and make him  
My chiefe Eunuch ranger, or ouerseer of all,  
My pretious tame fowle *Enter 3. like Satyres, and lydowne*

How now? What's this some fury asleepe, Ile take ano-  
ther path, another? Into what wildernesse has this firedrake  
brought mee? I dare not cry out for feare of waking 'em,  
would *Grimundo* were come backe. *Enter one like Silvanus.*

*Silv.* Rise you drowsie Satyres rise,  
What strong charmedoth bind your eyes?  
See who comes into your groue,  
To imbrace the Queene of Loue,  
Leape for ioy, and friske about,  
Find your prettie Dryads out,

*Hand*

Hand in hand compose a ring,  
Dance and circle youe new King;  
Him, *Silvanus* must obay,  
Hence and cry a holy day.

*Satyres rise and runne in.  
Exit.*

*Lod.* Some maske, a deuice, to entertaine me, ha? And yet  
I see not how they should prepare so much ceremony, vn-  
lesse they had expected me, a curse vpon their ill faces, they  
shooke mee at first, how now?

*Enter Satyres pursuing Nymphes they dance together,*

*Exeunt Sat. 3. Nymphes seeme to intreat him  
to goe with them.*

Haue yee no tongues? yes I will venture my selfe in your  
company, and you were my destinies, wo'd there were no  
worle in Hell, must I walke like a bride too, fortune set on  
afore then, and thou doest not guide into a handsome place,  
wo'd thy eyes were out, and so thou maist be taken for the  
blind Goddesse indeed, forward to *Venus Temple.* *Exit.*

*Recorders:*

*Enter againe where the Nymphs suddenly leaue him,  
a banquet brought in.*

*Lod.* Vanished like Fayries? Ha what musicke this? the  
motion of the Spheares, or am I in *Elisium.*

*Enter Grimando bare leading Belinda richly  
attired and attended by Nymphs.*

Here is *Grimando* ha? What glorious creatures this commits  
a rape vpon my senses on euery side, but when I looke on  
her, all other admirations are forgot, and lessen in her glorie.

*Bel.* My Lord y<sup>e</sup> are welcome, nay our lip is not too pre-  
tious, for your salute, most welcome,

*Gri:* I haue kept my word Sir,

*Lod.* Thou hast oblig'd my soule,

*Gri.* Be high and frolike, she loues to see one  
Domineere, when y<sup>e</sup> are throughly acquainted, you'll  
Giue me thankses.

*Lod.* Let vs be private with as much speed as may be.  
Away with those gipsies, so so.

*Exeunt all but Lodowicke and Belinda.*

I forgot to aske her name- Lady I am come.



*Bel.* Wilt please you vse that Chaire ?

*Lodw.* You are not ignorant

Of the intents my bloud hath brought with me,  
*Grimundo*, I hope, hath told my comming Lady,  
 And you I'me confident, will iustifie his promise  
 Of some pastime.

*Belinda.* He's a Seruant,

Whose bosome I dare trust, the Sonne of night,  
 And yet more secret then his mother, hee  
 Hath power to engage mee, and I shall  
 Take pride in my obedience, first be pleas'd  
 To tast, what in my duty I prepar'd  
 For your first entertainement, these but serue  
 To quicken appetite.

*Lodw.* I like this well,

*Recorders.*

I shanot vse much courtship, where's this musicke ?

*Belinda :* Doth it offend your care ?

*Lodw.* 'Tis ravishing

Whence doth it breath ?

*Belinda.* If you command, weele change  
 A thousand ayres, till you find one is sweet,  
 And high enough, to rocke your wanton Soule  
 Into Elysian slumbers.

*Lodw.* Spare them all,

I heare 'em in thy accents.

*Belinda.* *Orpheus*

*Calliope* tam'd Sonne, vpon whose lute  
 Myriads of leuers Ghosts doe waite, and hang  
 Vpon the golden strings to haue their owne  
 Griefes softned with his noble touch, shall come  
 Againe from hell, with fresh, and happier straines,  
 To moue your fancie.

*Lodw.* That were very strange,

She is poetickall, more then halfe a Fury,  
 But wee prate all this while, and loose the time  
 Wee should imploy more pretiously, I need  
 No more prouocatiues, my veynes are rich  
 And swell with expectation, shall we to

This vaulting businesse?

*Bel.* I shall hope my Lord  
You will be silent in mine honour, when  
You haue inioy'd me, and not boast my name,  
To your disgrace, not mine.

*Lodw.* Your name, why Lady?  
By my desires I know it not, I hope  
You haue receiu'd a better Character,  
Then to suspect my blabbing, Ile not trust  
My Ghosly Father with my sinnes, much lesse  
Your name.

*Belind.* O let me flye into your armes,  
These wordes command my freedome, I shall loue you  
About my selfe, and to confirme how much,  
I dare repose vpon your faith, Ile not  
Be nice to tell you who I am.

*Lodw.* Pray doe.

*Bel.* I am a Princeesse.

*Lodw.* How?

*Bel.* Beleue me Sir.

*Lodw.* I'm glad a that, but of what Country Lady?

*Bel.* And my dominions are more spreading then  
Your Brothers.

*Lodw.* Ha? thats excellent, if the villaine  
Doe prosper with my wife, Ile marry her.

*Bel.* I was not borne to perch vpon a Dukedome,  
Or some such spot of earth, which the dull eyes  
Examine by a multiplying glasse,  
And wonder at, the *Roman* Eagles neuer  
Did spread their wings vpon so many shores,  
The *Siluer Moone* of *Ottoman* looks pale  
Vpon my greater Empire, Kings of *Spaine*,  
That now may boast their ground, doth stretch as wide  
As day. are but poore Landlords of a Cell.  
Compar'd to mine inheritance, the truth is,  
I am the Diuell.

*Lodw.* How a Diuell?

*Bel.* Yes.

Be not affrighted Sir, you see I bring  
 No horror to distract you, if this presence,  
 Delight you not Ile weary a thousand shapes  
 To please my Lord.

*Lod.* Shapes quotha,

*Bel.* Doe not tremble,

*Lod.* A Diuel? I see her clouen foote, I ha' not,  
 The heart to pray, *Grimundo* has vndone me,

*Bel.* I did command my spirits, to put on  
 Satyres, and Nymphes to entertaine you first  
 Whiles others in the ayre, maintain'd a quire  
 For your delight, why doe you keepe such distance,  
 With one that loues you? recollect your selfe,  
 You came for pleasure, what doth fright my loue,  
 See I am countous to returne delight,  
 And satisfia your lustfull genius,  
 Come lets withdraw, and on the bed prepar'd  
 Beget a race of smooth and wanton Diuels —

*Lod.* Hold, come not neere me, ha? now I compare,  
 The circumstances, they induce me to  
 A sad beliefe, and I had breath enough,  
 I would aske a question.

*Bel.* Any thing, and be  
 Resolud.

*Lod.* How came *Grimundo*, and your deuillship,  
 Acquainted,

*Bel.* He hath beene my agent long,  
 And hath defera'd for his hipocrisie,  
 And priuate sinnes, no common place in Hell,  
 Hees now my fauorite, and we enioy,  
 Each other daily, but hee neuer did,  
 By any seruice more endear my loue,  
 Then by this bringing you to my acquaintance,  
 Which I desir'd of him long since, with many,  
 And fierce sollicite, but he vrg'd his feare,  
 You were not ripe enough in sinns, for his  
 Discouery.

*Lod.* I feele my selfe dissolue,



In sweate,

*Bel.* My Lord I must acknowledge, I  
Haue euer had you in my first regard,  
Of any mortall sinner, for you haue  
The same propention with me, though with  
Lesse malice, spirits of the lower world  
Haue seuerall offices assign'd, some are  
To aduance pride, some auarice, some wrath,  
I am for lust, a gay, voluptuous Diuell,  
Come lets embrace, for that I loue my Lord,  
Doe, and command a regiment of hell,  
They all are at your seruice.

*Lodw.* O my soule !

*Bel.* Beside my Lord, it is another motiue  
To honour you, and by my chaines which now  
I haue l. ft behind, it makes me grow enamor'd,  
Your wife, that sayes her prayers at home, and weepes  
Away her sight, Oh let me hug you for it,  
Dispiſe her vowes still, spurne her teares agen  
Into her eyes, thou shalt be prince in hell  
And haue a Crowne of flames, brighter then that,  
Which Ariadne weares of fixed starres,  
Come shall we dally now ?

*Lodw.* My bones within  
Are dust already, and I weare my flesh  
Like a loose, vpper garment,

*Bel.* Y'are afraid,  
Be not so pale at liuer, for I see  
Your blood turne Coward, how would you be frighted  
To looke vpon me cloth'd with all my horrour,  
That shudder at me now ? call vp your spirit.

*Lodw.* There are too many spirits heere already,  
Would thou wert coniar'd, what shall I doe ?

*Bel.* What other then to bath your soule in pleasure  
And neuer heard of rauishings, wee two,  
Will progreſſe through the ayre in *Venus* charret,  
And when her siluer doves grow faint, and tire,  
*Cupid* and *Mercury* shall lend vs wings,

And

And we will visit new worlds, when we are,  
 Weary of this, we both will backe the windes.  
 And hunt the Phœnix through the *Arabian* Deserts  
 Her we will spoyle of all her shining plumes.  
 To make a blazing Coronet for thy temples,  
 Which from the Earth beheld, shall draw vp wonder  
 And puzzle learned Astronomy, to distinguish it  
 From some new Constellation, the Sea  
 Shall yeeld vs pastime, when inuelped  
 With Clouds, blacker then night, wee range about  
 And when with stormes we ouerthrow whole Nauies,  
 We'll laugh to heare the Marriners exclaime  
 In many thousand shipwrackes, what doe I  
 Vrge these particulers? let vs be one Soule,  
 Ayre, Earth, and Hell, is yours.

*Lodw.* I haue a suit,  
 But dare not speake.

*Bel.* Take courage, and from mee  
 Bee confident to obtaine.

*Lodw.* I am not well,  
 The name of Diuell came to quicke vpon me,  
 I was not well prepar'd for such a sound,  
 It turnd my bloud to ice, and I ha' not  
 Recovered so much warmth yet, to desire  
 The sport I came for, would you please but to  
 Dismiss me for a time, I would returne,  
 When I haue heate and strength enough, for such  
 A sprightfull action.

*Belinda*: I doe finde your cunning,  
 You pretend this excuse, but to gaine time,  
 In hope you may repent.

*Lodw.* And please your Grace,  
 Not I.

*Bel.* You will acquaint some Priest, or other,  
 A tribe of all the world, I most abhorre,  
 And they will foole you with their Ghostly counsell,  
 Perplexe you with some fond diuinity,  
 To make you loose the Glories I haue promis'd.

*Lodw.*

*Lod.* I could neuer abide such melancholly people.

*Bel.* In this I must betray, we spirits haue  
No perfect knowledge of mens thoughts, I see  
Your bloods enfeebled, and although my loue  
Be infinite, and euery minute I  
Shall languish in your absence, yet your health  
I must preserve, tis that that feeds my hopes,  
Hereafter I shall perfectly enioy thee,  
You will be faithfull, and returne.

*Lod.* Suspect not,

*Bel.* One kisse shall seale consent,

*Lod.* Her breath smells of brimstone.

*Bel.* When next wee meete, like to the *Gemini*  
Weele twine our limbes in one another, till  
Wee appeare one creature in our actiue play,  
For this time Ile dismisse you — doe not pray,  
A spirit shall attend you.

horror.

*Lod.* Doe not pray, when did I last? I know not, farewell  
He wants a wench, that goes to the Diuell for her. *Exeunt.*

## ACTVS 5. SCÆNA. I.

*Enter Astella and Piero.*

*Astel.* Touch me not villaine, pietie defend me  
Art thou a man, or haue I all this while  
Conuerst with some ill Angell in the shape  
Of my Lords friend,

*Piero.* What needeth all this stirre  
I vrge your benefit.

*Astel.* To vndoe my name  
Nay Soule for euer with one act.

*Piero.* One act,  
There be those Ladies that haue acted it  
A hundred times, yet thinke themselves as good  
Christians as other women, and doe carry  
As much opinion too for vertue.



*Ast.* Heaven.

*Piero.* What harme can there be in't, can you neglect  
Reuenge so iust, so easie and delightfull?

*Ast.* Thy breath doth scatter an infection.

*Piero.* Scatter a toy, be wise, and loose no time  
You know not when such opportunity,  
May tempt you too't agen, for my owne part  
I can but doe you pleasure in't, your bloud  
Should need no other argument.

*Astell.* He sooner  
Empty my veynes, not to redreeme thy Soule,  
Should Sinne betray mine honour to one loose  
Embrace, hence traytor I doe feele corruption  
I'th ayre already, it will kill me if  
I stay, heereafter He not wonder how  
My Lord became so wicked.

*Piero.* You will lead me  
To some more priuate roome, He follow Madam. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Iacomo.*

*Iacom.* More priuate roome, said hee? I smell a businesse  
I thought this Gamester had beene gone, is it e'ne so, haue  
at your burrough Madam, hee's a shrewd Firret I can tell  
you, and iust in the nicke here comes the Warraner.

*Enter Lodwicke.*

*Lodw.* This diuell does not follow me, nor any of her  
Cubs I hope, I'm glad I came off so well, I neuer was so hot  
to engender with the Night-mare, could *Grimundo* find no  
other creature for my coupling but a *Succubus*, me thinkes I  
smell the Fiend still.

*Iac.* He talks on her already.

*Lodw.* I am very jealous.

*Iac.* Not without a cause my Lord.

*Lodw.* Ha? there she is agen.

(Chamber.

*Iac.* No my Lord, she is new gone into the withdrawing

*Lodw.* Ha? who? who is gone?

*Iac.* A Gentlewoman that you were late in company with?

*Lodw.* The Diuell? looke well about you then, a Spirit,  
O her constitution will set the house on fire

*Infant.*

Instantly and make a yong hell on't when  
Came she? I shall be everlastingly haunted  
With goblins, art not thou sawest her?

*Iac.* Saw her, yes and him too.

*Lod.* *Grimundo*?

*Iac.* No not *Grimundo*, but I saw an other Gentleman  
That has been held a notable spirit,  
Familiar with her.

*Lod.* Spirit and familiar.

*Iac.* *Piero* my Lord

*Lod.* *Piero*?

*Iac.* I wonot say what I thinke, but I thinke somewhat,  
And I know what I say, if she be a Devil. as shee  
Can be little lesse, if shee be as bad as I imagine  
Some bodies head willake for't, for mine owne  
Part, I did but see and heare, thats all, and  
Yet I ha not told you halfe.

*Lod.* Let me coll. & sure this fellow by th' circumstance  
Meanes *Astelia*, thou talkest all this while of my Lady  
Doeſt not?

*Iac.* Yes my Lord, she is all the Ladies in the house,  
For my Lady and mistress was sent for  
To the Abbey.

*Lod.* I had forgotten my selfe this is new heere ur,  
Is my Lady and *Piero* so familiar faist and  
In priuate?

*Iac.* What I haue said, I haue said and what they haue  
Done, they haue done, by this time.

*Lod.* Done? and Ile be active too.

*Iac.* Shew what feates of actiuiaty you please but  
I beleue hee hath vaulted into your saddle *Exit Lod.*  
Already — so so now I am alone which is as  
The learned say, *Solus cum solo* I will entertaine  
Some honorable thoughts of my preferment. *Enter Piero.*  
Hum the gamester is returned what melancholy, then  
Hee ha's don't I lay my head to a foolles cap on's  
I was alwaies so my selfe after my capring.  
Did you not meet the Prince sic.

*Pier.* No, where is he ?

*Iac.* He was here but now, and enquir'd how his Lady did, and I told him you could tell the state of her body better than I, for I thought you were gone in before him.

*Piero.* I did but see her.

*Iac.* Thats not the right on't, it runnes for I did but kisse her, for I did but kisse her.

*Piero.* It was enough for me to kisse her hand.

*Iac.* And feele her pulse.

*Piero.* How Sir ?

*Iac.* As a noble Gentleman should Sir ?

*Piero.* I am suspected, I must turne this fooles discourse, Another way, the present theame is dangerous ; What I heare say *Iacomo*, your Lady is like to rise ?

*Iac.* My Lady does rise as earely as other Ladies doe that goe to bed late.

*Piero.* And there will be notable preferment for you ?

*Iac.* Tis very likely my Lady vnderstands her selfe.

*Piero.* There is a whisper abroad.

*Iac.* Tis a good hearing.

*Piero.* What if she be married in this absence ?

*Iac.* Very likely, I say nothing but I thinke

I know my Ladies secrets for the tryumph, as pageants, or running at tilt, you may heare more shortly, there may bee reasons of state to haue things carried priuately, they will breake out in Bels and bonefires hereafter ; what their Graces haue intended for me, I conceale.

*Piero.* He is wound vp already.

*Iac.* You are a Gentleman I shall take particular notice of.

*Piero.* I hope a man may get a place for himselfe or his friend for ready mony.

*Iac.* Twere pittie of my life else, you shall command the first that falls, but you must sweare you came in without chafering or buying, imagine it a plump Parsonage, or other Church-living, the oath will goe downe the more easily. Diuines make no scruple.

*Piero.* But what if after all this imagination of a marriage, fortune should forbid the banes.



*Jac.* How ? Fortune's a slut, and because she is a whore  
her selfe, would haue no Lady marry and liue honest.

*Enter Lodwicke.*

*Lodw.* *Piero*, where's *Piero* ?

*Piero* : Ha, my Lord, I ha don't.

*Lodw.* Ha ? what.

*Piero.* I haue pleas'd thy Excellence, and you had made  
more haſt, you might ha come to the ſalla'th Deere, deli-  
cate Veniſon.

*Lodw.* Th'aſt not enioy'd her ?

*Piero.* They talke of *Jupiter* and a golden ſhower,  
Giue me a *Mercury* with wit and tongue  
He ſhall charme more Ladies on their backs,  
Then the whole bundle of Gods pſhew.

*Lodw.* Shoote not ſo much compaſſe, bee briefe and an-  
ſwer me, haſt thou enioy'd her ?

*Piero.* I haue, ſhall I ſweare ?

*Lodw.* No, thou wilt bee damn'd ſufficiently without an  
oath, in the meane time, I do purpoſe to reward your nimble  
diligence, draw ?

*Piero.* What dee meane.

*Jac.* And you be ſo ſharpe ſet, I doe meane to withdaw.

*Lodw.* I doe meane to cut your throat, or periſh i'th at-  
tempt you ſee your deſtinie, my birth and ſpirit wo'not leſſe  
me kill thee in the darke, draw and be circumspect.

*Piero.* Did not you engage me to it, haue I done any  
thing but by your directions ? my Lord.

*Lodw.* Tis all one, my minde is altered, I will ſee what  
complexion your heart beares, doe not neglect my fury, but  
guard your ſelfe diſcreetly, if I hit vpon the right veyne I  
may cure your diſeaſe a'th bloud.

*Piero.* Hold, and there bee no remedy, I will dye better  
then I ha liu'd, you ſhall ſee Sir that I dare fight with you, and  
if I fall by your Sword, my baſe conſent to aſt your will de-  
ſerues it.

*Lodw.* Ha ?

*Piero.* I find your policie, and by this ſtorme,  
You'd proue my reſolution, how boldly I

Dare stand too't when this great  
 Dishonour comes to question prepare  
 To be displeased — she is a miracle  
 O' chastity impenterable like,  
 A marble she returned my sinfull arrowes  
 And they haue wounded me, forgie me Lady.

*Lod.* I prethee tell me true, now thou shalt sweare  
 Hast thou not don't.

*Pier.* Not by my hope of heauen  
 Which I had almost forfeited, had not shee  
 Relieued me with her vertue, in this truth  
 I dare resigne my breath.

*Lod.* I dare beleue thee  
 What did like in her to doubt her firmenesse.

*Enter Iacomo and Astella.*

*Iac.* Here they are Madam, you doe not meane to  
 Run vpon their naked weapons.

*Lod.* *Piero* thou shalt wonder.

*Ast.* What meanes my Lord?

*Lod.* You shall know that a non  
 My Lady goe with me.

*Ast.* Whither you please  
 You shall not need to force mee sir, you may  
 Lead me with gossamere, or the least thread  
 The industrious spider weaues.

*Iac.* Whimseyes caribit soes.

*Pier.* What fury thus transports him at some distance  
 Ile follow him, he may intend some violence  
 Shee is too good to suffer I shall grow  
 In loue with my conuersion.

*Exit.*

*Iac.* Grow in loue with a cockscorn his last wordes  
 Sticke on my stomacke still fortune forbid the banes  
 Quotha, did it fortune should forbid the banes  
 And my Lady be not conuerted into a Dutchesse  
 Where are all my offices?

Hum where are they quoth I, I doe not know  
 But of all tunes I shall hate fortune my foe.

*Exit.*

*Recorders, Chaires prepared.*

*Enter*

*Enter Soranzo Giotto.*

Sor. Know you not who they are my Lord this day  
Receiue the habit.

Gio. I can meete with no intelligence.

Sor. They are persons of some quality.

Gio. The Duke does meane to grace their ceremony.

Sor. He was inuited by the Abbot to their clothing.

Gio. Which must be in priuate too heare in his lodgings.

Sor. Well, we shall not long expect them his grace enters.

*Enter Duke, Grimundo.*

Gri. It helpe much that he neuer saw my wife.

Du. Dost thinke 'twill take.

Gri. There's some hope my Lord already  
And heauen may prosper it.

Du. Wee cannot endeere thee to thy merit.

Sor. How the Duke imbraces him.

*Enter Cleona attended.*

Duk. Cleona you are welcom' tis a blest  
Occasion that makes vs meete so happily.

Cle. It pleased my Lord Abbot to inuite mee hither.

Duk. I appear'd too vpon his friendly summons  
Weele thanke him for this presence,

Sor. The Abbot enters.

*Enter the Abbot attended with Religious men hauing  
bowed to the Duke; he taketh a chaire being sate, Val-  
entio goes out and presently enters leading Foscarie  
and Dulcino in St. Bennets habit, hee presents them  
they kneele at the Abbots feete.*

Abb. Speake your desire.

Fos. We kneele to be receiued into the number,  
Of those religious men that dedicate  
Themselues to Heauen, i'th habit of St. Bennet,  
And humbly pray, that you would rectifie  
And teach our weake deuotion, the way  
To imitate his life, by giuing vs  
The precepts of your order,

*Abbot.*



*Abbot.* Let me tell you,  
 You must take heed, the ground of your resolute  
 Be perfect, yet looke backe into the spring  
 Of your desires, religious men should be  
 Tapers, first lighted by a holy beame,  
 Meteors may shine like starres, but are not constant.

*Fosc.* We couet not the blaze, which a corrupt,  
 And slimy matter may aduance, our thoughts  
 Are flamm'd with Charity.

*Abb.* Yet ere you embarke  
 Thinke on your hard aduventure, there is more  
 To be examin'd, beside your end,  
 And the reward of such an vndertaking,  
 You looke on Heauen a farre off, like a Land-skip,  
 Whether wild thoughts, like yours imperfect eye,  
 Without examination of those wayes,  
 Oblique, and narrow are transported, but  
 I'th walke, and tryall of the difficulties  
 That interpose, you tire like inconsiderate,  
 And weary Pilgrims:

*Fosc.* We desire to know  
 The rules of our obedience,

*Abb.* They will startle  
 Your resolutions, can your will, not vs'd  
 To any Law beside it selfe, permit  
 The knowledge of seuer, and positieue limits?  
 Submit to be controul'd, imploy'd sometime,  
 In seruile offices, against the greatnesse  
 Of your high birth, and sufferance of nature?  
 Can you, forgetting all youthfull desires,  
 And memory of the worlds betraying pleasures,  
 Checke wanton heate, and consecrate your blood  
 To Chastity, and holy solitude?

*Ser.* I wou not be religious *Giotto*?

*Giot.* Nor I, vpon these tearmes, I pittie em.

*Abb.* Can you quit all the glories of your state,  
 Resigne your titles, and large wealth to liue  
 Poore and neglected, change high food and surfets,

For a continuall fasting, your downe beds  
 For hard and humble lodging, your guilt rooves,  
 And galleries for a melancholly Cell  
 The patterne of a graue, where, steed of musicke  
 To charme you into slumbers, to be wak'd  
 With the sad chyming of the sacring bell;  
 Your robes, whose curiosity hath tired  
 Inuention, and the silke-worme to adorne you,  
 Your blaze of jewels, that your pride hath worne  
 To burne out enuies eyes, must be no more  
 Your ornament, but course, and rugged clothing  
 Harrow your soft skinnies, these and many more  
 Vnkind austerities will much offend  
 Your tender constitutions, yet consider.

*Du.* Hee does insist much on their state and honour  
 May wee not know'em yet;

*Val.* One of them sir  
 Doth owe this character.

*Gives him a paper.*

*Du.* It is *Foscary*  
 I find his noble purpose, hee is perfect  
 I honour thee young man, she must not see  
 This paper.

*Gives another paper.*

*Val.* This doth speake the other Sir.

*Du.* Tis at large — ha — *Grimundo* I prethee read,  
 I dare not credit my owne eyes *Leonora*  
 So it begins, *Leonora*.

*Gri.* *Leonora* daughter to the late *Gonzaga Duke*  
 Of *Millan*, fearing she should be compelled to marry  
 Her Vncle, in the habit of a Page and the conduct  
 Of Father *Valentio*, came to *Sauoy*, to try the  
 Loue and honor of his Excellence, who once  
 Sollicited by his Embassador —

*Du.* No more, I am extasied  
 If so much blessing may be met at once  
 Ile doe my heart that justice to proclaime  
 Thou hadst a deepe impression, as a boy  
 I lou'd thee too, for it could be no other,  
 But with a Diuine flame, faire *Leonora*

Like to a perfect Magnes, though inclos'd  
Within an Iuory box, through the white wall  
Shot soorth imbracing vertue, now, oh now  
Our Destinies are kind.

*Fos.* This is a misterie, *Dalcino*?

*Leo.* No my Lord, I am discover'd,  
You see *Leonora* now, a *Millan* Lady,  
If I may hope your pardon —

*Du.* Loue, and honour  
Thou dost enrich my heart, *Cleona* reade  
And entertaine the happines, to which  
Thy fate predestin'd thee, whilst I obey  
Mine here,

*Cleona reads.*

*Cleo.* How, my Lord *Foscary*?  
If he be liuing, I must dye before  
This separation be confirm'd, my ioy  
Doth ouercome my wonder, can you leaue  
The world whilst I am in't?

*Fos.* Deere'st *Leonora*!

Then willingly I dispence with my intention  
And if the *Duke* haue found another Mistris,  
It shall be my deuotion to pray heere,  
And my religion to honour thee.

*Ab.* Many blessings crowne  
This vnion.

*Fos.* Your pardon gracious Princeesse  
I did impose too much.

*Leo.* I studied  
To be your gratefull seruant, as your selfe  
Vnto the faire *Cleona* wee are all happy.

*Enter Lodowicke, Astella, and Piero.*

*Lod.* The'yr here; by your leaue brother, my Lord Abbot?  
Witnesse enough.

*Du.* Why thus kneeles *Lodowicke*?

*Lod.* To make confession brother, and beg heaueus  
And euery good mans pardon, for the wrong  
I ha'done this excellent Lady, whom my soule  
New marries, and may heauen — ha doe not hold



A Iustice backe, *Grimundo* is a traitor  
Take heed on him, and say your prayers, hee is  
The Devils grand soliciter for soules,  
Hee hath not such a nother cunning engine  
Pth world, to ruine vertue.

*Gri.* I my Lord?

*Lod.* You are no hypocrite, he does euery night  
Lye with a *Succubus*, he brought me to one  
Let him deny it, but heaven had pittie on me.

*Enter Bellinda.*

Ha? there she is, doe you not see her? *Deuill*!  
I doe desire thee, my Lord stand by me,  
I will be honest, spight of him, and thee,  
And lye with mine owne wife.

*Gi.* Sure the Prince is mad,

*Duk.* Oh rise most noble Lady, well deseruing  
A statue to record thy vertue.

*Lod.* Ha?

*Duk.* This is *Grimundoes* wife,

*Lod.* 'Tis so my Lord,

*Bel.* No *Deuill*, but the seruant of your vertue,  
That shall reioyce, if wee haue thriu'd in your  
Conversion.

*As.* I hope it.

*Lod.* Haue I bin mock'd into honesty? are not you a fury?  
And you a flye and subtil Epicure?

*Gri.* I doe abhorre the thought of being so,  
Pardon my seeming Sir.

*Ab.* Oh goe not backe,  
Preuent thus reasonably your reall torment.

*Lod.* I am fully wakened, be this kisse the pledge  
Of my new heart.

*Pi.* True loue streame in your bosomes  
Lady forgive mee too.

*As.* Most willingly.

*Duk.* Our ioy is perfect, *Lodowick* salute  
A sister in this Lady, *Leonora*,

The obiekt of our first loue, take the story  
 As wee returns, Lord *Abbot* wee must thanke  
 You, for contriuing this, and you good Father,  
 Embassadors shall be dispatcht to *Millan*,  
 To acquaint'em, where, and how their absent Princessse  
*Leonora*, hath dispos'd her selfe, meane while,  
 Poets shall stretch inention, to expresse  
 Triumphs for thes, and *Spanyes* happinesse.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

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*FINIS.*

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